

368
17
MISCELLANY
P O E M S

OR SEVERAL
SUBJECTS.



L O N D O N :

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W. Musgrave.



RO

P

M



Hon

SEX



TO HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
Princess of *WALES*.

MADAM,



THE most ardent Zeal,
which I have ever had
for your ROYAL
HIGHNESS, the
HONOUR and ORNAMENT of my
SEX, induces my Presumption in

The DEDICATION.

this Address, since it would be a Violence to my DUTY and INCLINATION, should any Thing that is mine be devoted elsewhere.

IT was a Custom of the Ancients, when they quitted a favourite SCIENCE, to offer up their Arms or Instrument to some proper DEITY ; which though a *Pagan* Institution, has not only a *Christian* Moral, but I hope may be a laudable Excuse for my Ambition.

PERMIT me, therefore, with the most ENTIRE and AWFUL

SUB-

The DEDICATION.

SUBMISSION, to lay these VOTIVE POEMS at your ROYAL HIGHNESS's Feet ; for to whom should a solitary unfriended MUSE fly for Protection, but to the living Shrine of all HUMANE VIRTUES ?

As it is not the VALUE of the GIFT, but the INTEGRITY of the HEART, which is acceptable even to GOD himself ; so the eminent PERFECTION Your HIGHNESS has attain'd, in imitating this DIVINE BENEFICENCE, encourages me to offer my worthless Mite, and most
HAPPY

The DEDICATION.

HAPPY shall I esteem my self,
if by affording Your HIGH-
NESS any Diversion, I may
obtain a PARDON, for

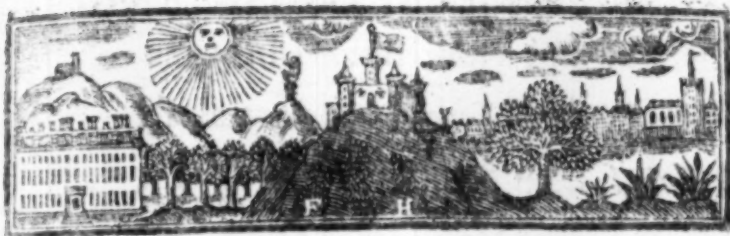
MADAM,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Most Humble,

Most Obedient,

And devoted Servant,



MISCELLANY

P O E M S.



*A Fable of PLATO's Paraphras'd,
inscribed to the Sufferers by the
S—S—*



THE God's ! One Time, as Poet's feign,
Would *Pleasure* intermix with *Pain*;
And perfectly incorp'rate, so
As one from t'other, none might know ;
That Mortals might alike partake
The *Good*, or *Evil*, which they make.

In mighty Bowl, they put these twain;
 And stir'd, and stir'd, but all in vain:
Pleasure! wou'd sometimes float aloft,
 And *Pain!* keep *Pleasure* down as oft;
 Yet still, from One another fly,
 Detesting eithers Company.

The Gods! who saw they sooner might
 Mix Fire and Water, Day and Night;
 Unanimously then decreed,
 They shou'd alternately succeed:
 Each others Motions still pursue,
 And a perpetual Round renew:
 Yet still divided should remain,
 Tho' link'd together with a Chain.

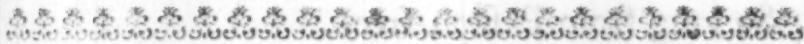
*Thence comes it, that we never see
 Or perfect Bliss, or Misery:
 Each Happiness, has some Alloy;
 And Grief, succeeded is by Joy.
 The happiest Mortal, needs must own
 He has a Time of Sorrow known:*

Miscellany POEMS.

3

Nor can the poorest Wretch, deny,
But in his Life h'as felt a Joy.

The Worst on't is, that in this Chace
They do not keep an equal Pace :
Pleasure ! by Minutes does appear,
But Pain ! still loyers by the Year.



CUPID'S Revenge.

A Scornful Nymph, who Love defy'd,
Saw Princes kneel in vain ;
Their low Submissions rais'd her Pride,
And arm'd her with Disdain.

II.

With peaceful Triumphs was she blest
Full many a happy Year,
Nor Love ! nor Int'rest, touch'd her Breast,
She liv'd as free as Air :

B 2

III. When

Nor

III.

When thus she cried ! I'll still enjoy
My *Apathy* Divine ;
Let Cupid other Hearts destroy,
He dares not aim at Mine.

IV.

A Mind, which can it self maintain
So long from Passion free,
Need never fear the fictitious Reign
Of such an Enemy.

V.

But Lo ! what comes of boasted Strength,
And self sufficient Pow'r ;
This haughty Maid must yield at Length,
And own a fatal Hour.

VI.

Cupid, tho' blind, inrag'd to hear
His Sov'reignty defy'd,
Did by his Mother's Beauty swear,
He'd mortifie her Pride.

VII. 'Tis

VII.

'Tis now, quoth he, my Pow'r I'll show,
And force thee to obey;
Yet thou in Love no Joy shalt know,
But sigh thy Life away.

VIII.

He said——And chose a golden Dart,
Which pointed with Desire,
Like Lightning peirc'd this stubborn Heart,
And set her Breast on Fire.

IX.

A leaden Dart, he did devise
To strike the favour'd Swain,
His Heart but touch'd, it turn'd to Ice,
And bounded Back again.

X.

Since which, he fly's who shou'd pursue,
And renders but Disdain;
And she who scorn'd, is fain to Woo,
But Woo's, alas in vain!

*To Her very good Friend, The Re-
verend Mr. JOHN NORRIS of
Bemerton.*

An O D E.

ROUSE up my Muse ! enquire the Way,
And to Heav'n's Laureat, Homage pay ;
But rev'rently approach his Shrine,
The Place is hallow'd, he divine ;
And at his Feet, thy humblest Off'rings lay.
Presumptuous Muse ! What canst thou bring
Worthy his Sight, or Ear ?
The Theam, requires a nobler Strain ;
Ah then desist ! Least you profane,
What most you would revere,
Yet, something whispers thus, Sure he
That's rais'd so near the Deity,
Will like That too accept, Love, and Humility.
On this Assurance, tune thy Lyre, and sing
Of that celestial Bard, who sung thy heav'nly King,
II. Propi-

II.

Propitious Fate did *Albion* blefs !
 And 'ere we wish'd, for what we now possess,
 Or *Norris* did our Isle adorn,
 Th' Almighty Word to Nature said,
 Let a Man-child be born,
 And in our Likeness made:
 The active Hand-maid soon obey'd,
 And while the jarring Atoms strove,
 Cull'd out the finest Seeds with care,
 And in just Order did prepare
 An Entity all Love.
 Fearfully, and divinely wrought,
 With all its Members to Perfection brought
 The noble Embryo lay,
 Only the better Part was wanting still,
 But that exceeded, mighty Nature's Skill.
 When lo !
 From Heaven's great Treas'ry came
 A beatifick Ray,
 Excepting one, as bright a Flame
 As e're submitted to an earthly Frame.

Thus you, Sir, Heav'ns peculiar Care!
 Of better Make, and more refin'd
 Than vulgar Mortals are ;
 Heroickly, exalt your Mind,
 And visit, whilst you're here, those Realms you
 (left behind,
 Not Earth's gross Atmosphere, retards your
 (Flight,
 Nor can the duller Organs intercept your Sight,

III,

Proceed, our second *Psalmist*, bless us still
 With more Effects of thy well-temper'd Quill ;
 Teach us, in Dorick Numbers, Things divine ;
 And perfect thy Design ;
 Thou, who alone canst make agree
 Rough Wisdom, and smooth Harmony,
 In charming Numbers do'st express
 A philosophick Energy,
 And we, in that soft pleasing Dress
 Instructive *Etbicks* see,
 Long had the sacred Muses captive been
 To Mans imperious Sway,
 Who rudely forc'd them from their Prince,

And

Miscellany POEMS. 9

And made them Slaves, to Lust, and Spleen,
They silent mourn for Man's Offence,

And with Regret obey.

This the ingenious *Cowley* knew,

And was the Muses Champion too;

The Holy Banner he display'd,

A brisk Assault he made,

And had succeeded sure, but 'twas reserv'd for you,
Fetter'd, and pale they lay, worn out with Pain,

When pious Zeal did you inspire ;

Victorious *Norris* broke the Chain,

And sav'd the Fainting *Genii*, ready to expire !

But not content alone to set them free,
Restor'd them to their Prince, and native Purity.

IV,

With such great Art, you all our Passions move,
Refine our Sensual, to Seraphick Love ;

Calm our Ambition, in your * *Arbour's* Seat ;

Expose the Vanity of being great ;

And make us sigh, for such a blest Retreat !

But in your * *Elevation*, when we read,

** The Titles of some of his Miscellany Poems.

10 *Miscellany* POEMS.

So high's your Flight, so swift your Speed,
From Earth's Attraction freed:

With you we mount, in blest Amaze,
And on the beauteous Vision gaze.

We hear the tuneful Spheres turn round,
And our material Sense is drown'd
In Extasy of Sound!

All Joy, and Rapture then, we hardly know
Whether translated to that Bliss,
Or still confin'd below!

Oh come, ye sacred vocal Choir!
And listen, to th' harmonious Lays
Of this great Prophet's Lyre:

Come, join the Chorus, to your Maker's Praise;
And crown your younger Brother, with immortal
(Bays!

v.

Forgive, blest Saint, an uninvited Muse!
Grant her your Pray'rs, and her bold Zeal excuse;
Nor blame our Wishes, tho' alas they be
Meer injuries to thee!

You

Miscellany POEMS. 11

You long to be dissolv'd, and reign above
Free, in your Native Sphere ;
But we, so selfish is our Love,
Beg your Continuance here :
And earnestly desire you should delay
Your Flight to Heav'n ; till we have learn't the
(Way.
Wond'rous good Man ! how pious is your Care !
How sweetly you th' Almighty's Love declare !
And for those Joys, our earthly Minds prepare.
Your bright Ideas make appear,
'Tis God alone we ought to know ;
That no true Happiness is here,
But what from him does flow.
Ah still, your charitable Ends pursue !
Divine ; Philosopher ; and Poet too ;
What can't such Union do ?
But hold ! Presumptuous Muse retire,
Blushing rejoice, and silently admire :
See ; how the ravish'd Angels crouding come,
Then mortal Praise be dumb !

To



*To the most ingenious Mrs. SARAH
HOADLEY, excellent in Paint-
ing, &c.*

ILustrious Nymph! whose pow'rful Art
Attracts the Sight, yet wounds the Heart,
Permit a Stranger Muse to raise
A Trophy, form'd of Love, and Praise;
For who such various Charms can see,
And not their just Admirer be?
Or who can silently admire
The pleasing Object of Desire?

Whether with curious Eyes we trace
The shining Beauties of your Face;
Or in a freer Converse sit,
Blest with the Sweetness of your Wit;
Such Graces are in both descry'd,
We to their Force submit with Pride,
And can't forbear to speak your Due;
Tho' we could almost envy too.

But

Miscellany POEMS. 13

But Oh! when in your artful Hand,
 The sprightly Pencil you command;
 What crouding Miracles arife,
 And feize us with unknown Surprize?
Kneller's bold Strokes, *Le Brun's* Design,
 With *Casabon's* soft Touches join;
 And feast us with a new Delight,
 Whilst you their several Charms unite:
 And with inimitable Grace,
 Reveal the Passions thro' the Face.
 The speaking Eyes such Lustre dart;
 Such Symmetry's in every Part;
 That were *Pigmalion* here, he'd own
 His Workmanship by yours outdone:
 For when with Pleasure he survey'd
 The Beauties of his Iv'ry Maid,
 He mourn'd, Alas! his Want of Art
 A lively Motion to impart.
 But you, such quickning Strokes improve,
 Each Figure seems to live, and move,

And

But

And with it's Looks our Steps pursue,
 While as we turn for better View,
 They smiling seem, to change their Posture too,
 The Scepticks here have just Pretence
 To doubt the Certainty of Sense,
 Which at a Distance, scarce can tell
 The Copy, from th' Original:
 But let them cease their dubious Strife,
 Your Works in this exceed the Life:
 For when th' Original appears
 Quite alter'd, with the Weight of Years,
 No faint Remains of Beauty seen,
 Your Draughts, will shew, what once they've
 (been,
 Proceed bright Nymph, and may impartial
 (Fame,
 Thro' Earths vast Round, perpetuate thy Name!
 May no sad Thoughts thy studious Soul molest!
 Nor household Cares, disturb thy peaceful Breast;
 But Providence upon thy Labours smile,
 Thou lasting Glory of our Sex and Isle!

To



To the Same.

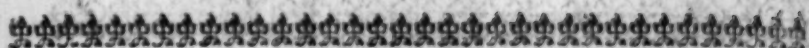
Written in LAMY's Treatise of Perspective.

MADAM,

PERmit this Author, at your leisure Hours
To teach the Force of *Geometrick Pow'rs*;
How nat'ral Objects shew, at Point of Sight;
Where Shadows sink, and where reflect the Light:
How imperceptive Lines, just Rays dispence,
And where the Basis, bounds the Incidence.

This, and much more, he offers to the View,
But Life, and Colour, he refers to you:
To these, his weaker Art claims no Pretence,
But yields to yours the just Preheminance.
If you, *Superiour*, on his Labours smile,
Approve the Sense, and not dislike the Style;
Then, will he chearfully his Rules impart,
And what you know by Nature prove by Art.

On



On Mrs. DIANA BRIDGEMAN'S
Playing on the Lute.

WHEN *Musidora* strikes the Lyre,
Such Heav'nly Charms descend,
As more than humane Joys inspire,
And all our Cares unbend.

II.

Ye Pow'rs! what constant Time she keeps:
What Graces does Improve?
Yet with such Ease, She seems to sleep,
The Strings by Instinct move.

III.

Each Touch of hers, each thrilling Shake
Our Passions doth subdue,
The Fierce are calm'd, the Gen'rous wake,
And pleasing Thoughts renew.

IV. Not

IV.

Not *Orpheus* self with all his Art,
Nor great *Apollo's* Lays,
Could with such Pow'r invade the Heart,
Or such Emotions raise.

V.

But Ah! so brittle is our Frame,
We must with Haste away,
Lest, as the Flies that sport with Flame,
We perish by our Stay.

VI.

For Oh! such *Harmony* as this,
What Mortal can sustain?
Like Lightning, piercing is the Bliss,
And melts the Vital Chain.

VII.

Cease! cease those speaking Strings to guide,
Our Souls are wound so high,
Unless you lay the Lyre aside,
We shall with Rapture die.



The DREAM.

An Epistle to Mr. DRYDEN.

WHEN yet a Child, I read great *Virgil* o'er,
 And sigh'd, to see the barb'rous Dress he
 [wore;
 The Phrase how awkward, how abstruse the Sense!
 And how remote from *Roman* Eloquence!
 And mov'd, to see his lofty Epick Rhymes
 By murd'ring Pens debas'd, to doggrel Chimes;
 Ye, sacred Maids, cried I, How long? and why
 Must *Virgil* under *English* Rubbish lye?
 He, who can charm in this Exotick Dress,
 What Beauties must his native Tongue express?
 Ah barren Isle! not One, one gen'rous Quill,
 To give Him whole, will non exert their skill,
 But who translate incorrigibly ill?

Then pausing here, I fell into a Dream,
 If I may call it such? and this the Theam.

Methought

Miscellany POEMS. 19

Methoughts I did the *Delphick Fane* behold,
The Doors, and Roof, were all of burnish'd Gold,
The Floor, and Walls of *Parian* Stone were built,
And these, with ductile Gold, were finely gilt.
Above three Hundred Lamps shone in the Place,
And twice six Altars, did the Temple grace;
A golden Tripod, in the Midst arose;
But O! what Pen it's Lustre can disclose?
So nicely grav'd, so lively ev'ry Part,
Nature her self was here out done by Art.
The meanest Basis was of costly Wood,
And, on it's Summit, bright *Apollo* stood:
An azure Mantle did his Arms invest,
His golden Lyre, he held before his Brest.
A Silver Bow was on his Shoulder bound,
And with chaste *Daphne's* Leaves, his Head was
(crown'd.
Ruddy his Cheeks, and flowing was his Hair,
All dazling bright he look'd, and exquisitely Fair,
Around him, sage *Memoria's* Daughters sat;
And all the Graces at his right Hand wait.
Then up *Calliope* arose, who sings
Of mighty Poets; and of mighty Kings:

Her lovely Breast, with her fair Hand she stroke,
And after due Obeisance, thus she spoke.

Thou *Great Director* of our triple Trine !
Thou, who instructed us, and made us thine !
Hast thou forgotten ? when my first born Son,
My dearest *Orpheus*, *Pluto's* Favour won ;
And how, for too much Kindness to his Wife,
He was by *Bacchannals* depriv'd of Life ;
Who tore his Limbs, in *Hebrus* cast his Head,
Which sweetly sang his Elogy tho' Dead ?
'Twas then, you chear'd me, bid me dry my Eyes,
And said, from me, another Swan should rise :
When *Virgil's* born, he shall thy Joys restore,
And, for thy *Orpheus*, thou shalt weep no more.
'Twas said ! 'tis done ! and *Virgil* calm'd my
(Breast,
With *Eagles* Wings, he soar'd above the Rest ;
And *Orpheus* Spirit doubly he possess.
But now twelve Cent'ries past, I've cause to mourn
To see my *Virgil's* Works thus maul'd and torn,
By *French*, *Dutch*, *English*, and each stupid Drone,
Burlesq'd, obscur'd, and in Travesty shown.

Poor

Miscellany POEMS. 21

Poor mercenary Pens attempt for Gain,
 And hungry Wits his sacred Lines profane;
 'Tis thus they fully, thus disgrace his Name;
 And not one gen'rous Bard, is left to clear his Fame.
 Hold! he reply'd, there's one has Sense and Truth,
 That is my Creature, he shall right the Youth,
 New polish *Maro*; *Maro's* soul exprefs;
 And cloath him in a more becoming Drefs.
 And thou bold Girl! (to me) haft done amifs,
 To call that barren where my *Dryden* is;
 He whom I have ordain'd, by certain Doom,
 To honour *Britain*, more, than *Virgil Rome*:
 And with the felf fame voice, Eternal Fame,
Dryden and *Virgil's* glory fhall proclaim.

The grateful Mufe, profoundly bow'd her Head,
 And I ftill trembling, wak'd, at what was faid:
Dryden cried I! ev'n then, I knew your Name;
 (For who was Ignorant of *Dryden's* Fame?)
 'Tis he! 'tis only he the Work muft do,
 Then in fome Years I found the Vifion true,
 And fwiftly caught the Bleffing as it flew.

22 *Miscellany* POEMS.

The Death of Friends, first gave my Muse a Birth,
But you, Sir, rais'd her grov'ling from the Earth:
You taught her Numbers; and you gave her Feet;
And you set Rules, to bound Poetick Heat;
If there is ought in me deserves that Name,
The Spark was light at mighty *Dryden's* Flame:
But ne'er yet blest with my great Master's Sight,
I fear you'll think it Impudence to write.
Forgive me *Sir*, I long'd to let you know
How much your Pupil to your Works does owe;
Her Muse is yours, and is at your Command,
But envies those that in your presence stand.



To



To the Same.

On his Translation of VIRGIL.

HAIL mighty *Dryden* ! thou Great King of
 (Wit,
 Hail wond'rous Bard ! to thee we all submit.
 Thy *Eagle-Muse*, unanimous we greet,
 And lay our Lawrels at thy conq'ring Feet.
 Admire the Man ! the Genius more admire !
 Blest with his Thought, and ravish'd with his Lyre !
 Harmonious are his Numbers, strong his Lines :
 Thro' all his Works a brilliant Lustre shines,
 But in this one, he has for us done more,
 Than all the Bards our Isle produc'd before.
 Some mangling Pens essay'd, but try'd in vain,
 Traduc'd their Author, and were read with Pain.
 The mighty Task was kept for him by Fate,
 And none but *Dryden*, *Virgil* could translate.

Proceed *Great Man*, immortal Verse pursue,
 Bless us with that, while we Bless Fate for you,
 For *Homer*, long desir'd, we now implore!
 Thank for what's past; and humbly beg for more.
 'Tis bold Petitioning, and I must own
 We merit not those Favours you have shown
 To this ungrateful, undeserving Town:
 Yet, like the *Sun*, you lib'rally dispence
 On Good, and Bad, your powerful Influence.

To the Same,

On his FABLES.

HOW long must *Homer* unaveng'd complain?
 How long shall *Albion* join her Pray'rs in
 Vain?

'Ere you, *Great Sir*, his injuries redress,
 And in good Language all his Soul express,
 Alas! this little Taste you now bestow,
 But gives us Wonder, and his Want does show.

The

Miscellany POEMS. 25

The Wisdom of the Antients you rehearse,
And cloath their Fables in Heroick Verse:
So sweetly, you, those *Etbick* Tales convey,
We love the Moral, for the charming Lay:
And, in this Work, if ought for Censure calls,
'Tis, that you give not more Originals.

Oh mighty *Dryden*! once more shew thy Skill,
Exert the Powers of thy wond'rous Quill;
Redeem thy passive Sire from barb'rous Style,
And gen'rously oblige thy Native Isle:
Consider, Sir, who begs, then pray comply;
Shall *Albion* always ask, and *Albion's* Son deny?



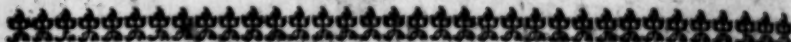
From the FRENCH.

Ingratitude! Great Sov'reign of the Earth,
From whom all Evil still derives its Birth;
Vast is thy Empire, boundless is thy Sway,
And unassisted Nature must obey.
Frail are our Memories, except in ill,
And for good Turns receiv'd, we want a Will:

What

26 *Miscellany* POEMS.

What Enemies we have, on *Brass* we grave,
But write our Benefactors on a *Wave*.



A SONG.

IF a *Man*, and his *Maid*
Will drive a lewd Trade,
Can a Neighbour, I pray you, prevent it ?
May they soon be reclaim'd,
Or sin on, and be sham'd,
As for me I shall never attempt it.

II.

When a *Wife* shall procure,
To make her Spouse sure,
And think it a lawful Vocation;
May the P—x, or dry Blows
Demolish her Nose,
And her Countenance shew her Profession.

III. Oh

Miscellany POEMS. 27

III.

Oh *Woman!* Oh *Wife!*

Thou dost lead a sad *Life;*

And well thou deserv'st it, for certain,

To Pimp for the Shread,

Of a Cobler's Thread :

So fare thee well *Goody Martin.*



SATYR against Man.

Written on the Desire of a Friend.

Pernicious Race! with ev'ry Vice accurst,
The least of Comforts, but of Plagues the
(worst;

What Wickedness has ever yet been nam'd,

That is not in each single *Man* contain'd?

Man! who was first created Lord of all,

And seated Monarch of this earthly Ball,

Till Devil-like, unlawful Means he try'd,

And lost his Sov'reign Power thro' his Pride.

'Twas

'Twas then, divested of each God-like Grace,
 Unmanly Passions fill'd the vacant Place :
 And from the Checks of faithful Conscience freed,
 Did soon his Hellish Precedent exceed :
 The wretched Race their Parents Steps pursue,
 Old Crimes re-act, and eek 'em out with new.

Wolves, Bears, and Tygers need no more be
 (fear'd ;

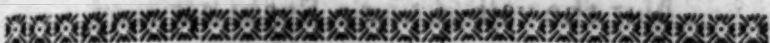
For they are gentle, if with Men compar'd.
 At open War with Humane Kind they strive,
 But to defend, or keep themselves alive :
 But *Men* in Peace, with friendly Love profess,
 Smile when they kill, and hug where they detest.
 The *Crocodiles* of *Egypt* they out-do,
 And prove the verier Serpents of the two.
 O'er all the World their Vices they disperse,
 And load with Crimes the burthen'd Universe.
 Oh ! that some pitying Pow'r would kindly deign
 T' annihilate the Sex, or change their Name
 To some emphatick Word, whose awful Sound
 Might shew their *Souls*, and them with Shame
 (confound

For

Miscellany POEMS.

29

For *Man* no longer with their Nature suits,
Since they are *Devils* grown, as well as *Brutes*.



To the Pious Memory of
Mrs. DIANA BRIDGEMAN.

An ODE.

ONCE more, forsaken Muse, thy Help afford!

Resume thy long neglected Lyre;

Once more the Cruelties of Death record,

And with just Grief, each Reader's Heart inspire.

'Tis *Musidora* claims thy Voice,

Dear Object of thy Tears;

'Ere while the Patron of thy Joys,

And Partner of thy Cares:

To *Musidora*, who could condescend

To be, as well as to be call'd a Friend;

And to thy worthless Lays, wou'd her Attention

(lend.)

This grateful Tribute's Due!

At once thy Theam, and Inspiration too.

II. O

O pow'rful Love ! what Wonders canst thou do
 Not the vast *Aether's* Space between,
 Or num'rous Worlds which intervene,
 Can shade her from my View.
Absent from Earth, but *present* to my Mind,
 Her lov'd Remembrance fills my Breast :
 Whether I sleep, or wake, I'm sure to find,
 In her bright Form, an *intellectual Feast*.
 Methinks I see her beauteous Face,
 Serene, compos'd, and kind,
 Adorn'd with ev'ry Native Grace,
 Expressive Index of her brighter Mind :
 With mental Looks I still pursue
 The dear Idea, till the Night
 Shuts up my Eyes in Sleep, and clouds the charm-
 (ing Sight
 Then lively Dreams restore the pleasing Scene
 The daily Vision's acted o'er again,
 And Repetition heightens the Delight :
 'Till struck with Horrour, and amazing Fear,
 I see grim Death appear,

Advancing

Miscellany POEMS.

31

Advancing closely to secure his Prey ;
And with insidious Grasp, to steal the Prize away.

III.

Deceitful Traytor ! first to seize that Hand
Which did obsequious *Harmony* command ;
Harmonia blush'd, to be excell'd,

Yet duteous Homage paid,
And chearfully obey'd,
Each dark Recess, each wond'rous Path reveal'd,
Nor secret Grace, or Charm conceal'd ;
But own'd her Sov'reign of the tuneful Land.

Her artful Hand ne'er touch'd the Lyre,
But soft Enchantment spread around ;
Each Breast she did with Joy inspire,
And ev'ry list'ning Ear was ravish'd with the
(Sound.

Slow *Disease*, and tort'ring *Pain*,
Try'd their Force, but try'd in Vain,
For while she play'd, afflicted Sense
Charm'd by the thrilling Excellence,
Nor Sicknefs felt, nor Pain.

Fierce

Fierce Passions at her Notes were Mute,
 And fled the Heav'nly Sound,
 Like *David*, she but touch'd the *Lute*,
 And all was Peace around.

For with a skilful, absolute Controul,
 She Rul'd each secret Spring that agitates the
 (Soul.

IV.

So Great the Force of *Harmony*,
 That sure, O Death! it would have conquer'd
 (thee)
 Made thee, who conquer'st all
 An humble Captive fall;
 Hadst thou not first, in rigid Bands
 Chain'd down her soft melodious Hands,
 And stole thy Victory.
 Invading next her Tongue!

That Tongue, which could so well dispense
Wisdom's most pow'ful Eloquence;
 Few were its Words, yet all of wondrous
 (Force
 For *Truth*, and *Wisdom* must be Conquerours,

This

Miscellany POEMS. 33

This, next, the Tyrant made his Prey,

And Silence did command,

Dumb ! the instructive Organ lay, VI

Touch'd by his Iron Hand.

Nor parting Word, could speak, for our Relief,

Yet with condoling Eyes, she seem'd to feel our
(Grief.

V.

But ah ! too soon, that smallest Comfort fled,

The vital Pow'rs no more defend,

Their noble Seat the Head.

* Slowly, the *Crimson Flood* rolls on,

And stagnates as it goes ;

Too fast, the *Silver Lymph* does run,

And all the Brain o'erflows.

Thus have we known a Tyrant Prince,

In Peace, a Fort surprize :

The Foes unlook'd for, seize the Wall,

The Garrison o'er-number'd Fall,

A silent Sacrifice.

* *She Dying of an Apoplexy.*

D

VI. With

VI.

With *Musidora* dead,

Oh! who can tell what wond'rous Charms are
(fled?)

That graceful Presence, that majestic Mein:

That lovely Person, and that Mind serene:

That native Sweetness, and the Converse free:

That gen'rous Candour, that Humility:

That tuneful Hand, those dear engaging Eyes,

The Grave's irrevocable Prize;

Are now, alas, no more!

Lament in vain we may, but never can restore!

Could Sighs, and Tears, our Loss regain,

They should for ever flow;

But Sighs, and Tears, alas, are vain!

Nor Profit the Deceas'd, nor mitigate our Woe:

* Such Turns are not of Chance, but dated from
(High)

She must no more to us descend, but we to her
(shall fly)

* Her own Words when taken Ill.

Each fleeting Day, this Union hastes,
And Life ebbs out a-pace.
So sister Streams, thro' diff'rent Ways
Their winding Courses run,
'Till they regain their native Place,
And in their Parent Ocean's Arms embrace,
And meet, and mingle, where they first begun,

VII.

As dying *Saints*, and *Martyrs* often find
An *Antepast* of Heav'n below :
And on the Verge of Life, the tow'ring Mind
Grows more enlarg'd, as 'tis from Earth refin'd,
And does with *sacred Inspiration* glow.
So in the Height of perfect Health and Ease,
She did *prophetickly* her End foretel :
For oh ! her Firmness was not less than *These*,
Nor *Those* in Piety could her excel.
Unmov'd with vain Applause, or gaudy Show ;
Such trifling Things, she wisely cast below :
Her *Heav'n-born Mind*, possess'd a nobler View,
And with a steady Zeal, the Prospect did pursue.

36 *Miscellany* POEMS.

But resting not on *Theory* alone,
 Her Principles, were in the *Practice* shown!
 The *Sick* she visited, the *Poor* reliev'd,
 And *Aged Widows* by her *Bounty* liv'd!
 Yet did so secretly her *Alms* dispenge,
 They fell unseen, like *Gifts of Providence*.
 O true *Philosophy*! which strove to know
 That only Good, whence *second Causes* flow;
 That could so well the End of *Life* pursue,
 And, thro' the *Creatures*, the *Creator* view.
 Thus piously intent, *Virgin*, and *Wife*,
 She pass'd with just *Renown*;
Parent, and *Widow*, ev'ry *State of Life*
 Did with inimitable *Lustre* crown:
 Endless it were, each *shining Act* to tell,
 Where *Life* was one continued *Miracle*.

VIII.

But lo!
 What new born *Light* adorns the radiant *Sky*,
 And gilds it with a brighter *Galaxy*?
 While gentle *Zephirs* fan the fruitful *Earth*,
 And with sweet *Incense*, celebrate the *Birth*.

Miscellany POEMS. 37

'Tis so ! 'tis so ! look up with ravish'd Eyes,
And view the glorious Scene with vast Surprise :

See *Musidora* does appear !

Her Guardian Angel wafts her thro' the Air,
How dazling *Bright* she looks ? how exquisitely
(*Fair ?*)

A starry *Diadem* adorns her Brow,

Immortal Glories from her Temples flow :

But oh ! that *pitying Glance* was sent to us be-
(low.)

Celestial Orbs in tuneful Numbers move ;

Celestial Forms descend to show their Love ;

And, with angelick Hymns, the *Harmony* im-
(prove.)

Welcome, thrice happy *Saint*, they cry,

From Earth's dark Prison freed ;

Mount glorious and triumphantly

The Place for Thee decreed :

See, where the Great *Cecilia* sits,

And smilingly looks down ;

With Joy thy Partnership invites

To Share her Seat, and Crown,

38 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Oh happy Pair! come join your wond'rous Lays,
And help us to resound our Great *Creator's* Praise.

IX.

Here stop my *Muse*! no more this Flight pursue;
An intervening Cloud forbids thy View:
No more, thy happy Friend, unjustly mourn,
Nor with mean Verse, prophane her sacred Urn;
Her Merits far thy feeble Voice transcend,
Then fear to lessen what thou wouldst commend:
Her fragrant Deeds will best her Name perfume,
And raise, in ev'ry Breast, an everlasting Tomb,

An Epitaph on THEOPHILUS
EATON *Esq;* a Middlesex Ju-
stice, who kept no Clerk.

REader stop, here lies the Dust
Of *Theophilus* the Just:
Who, to hinder taking Bribe,
Was himself both Judge and Scribe,

What

What think ye then ? Was not his Fate
Partial, and hard, the World ingrate ?
To make's Commission four Times null,
For dealing Justice to the full——



*Ep. 47. Lib. 10. Of MARTIAL
Paraphras'd, inscribed to the
Right Honourable, ELIZABETH,
Vice-Countess of Doneraile.*

WHAT makes dull Life roll on with Ease?
What makes the bitter Potion please ?

Beauty, which vain Men adore,

Glorious Titles, bended Knees,

Bags of Sov'reign Indian Oar ;

Is there Content in these ?

Ah, Madam, no ! 'tis all in vain

We sigh, desire, complain :

Much indeed is due to Fate,

But more unto our selves, to gain, a happy State.

II.

If bounteous Heav'n is pleas'd to lend
A little Country Seat ;

And bless us with a faithful Friend,

In that obscure Retreat :

Where free from Noises of the Town,

And unmolested by the Gown :

Pleas'd with what's our Lot to bear,

Nor wish to be, but what we are :

Modest Knowledge, temp'rate Fare,

Health of Body, peace of Mind,

And Slumbers void of Care ;

Nor Fear, nor rash Desire of Death :

Yet when th' *Almighty* calls us hence,

Can chearfully with Life dispense,

And offer up our Breath,

Whos'e'er, tho' poor, this Disposition gains,

Lord of himself, the nobler World, he reigns,



To the Pious Memory of

Mrs. JEMIMA CREED;

Inscribed to Mrs. ELIZABETH CREED,
of Oundle, Northamptonshire.

THUS Heav'n ordains! nor ought we to
(dispute,

Almighty Pow'r, and Wisdom absolute.

But oh! who can, so vast a Loss sustain?

Who can support such Grief, and not complain?

Pride of thy Sex; oh! who from Thee can part,

Without a mourning Voice, as well as bleeding
(Heart?

To speak thy Praise, will yield us no Relief,

The more thy Worth, the greater is our Grief:

But, since thou'rt gone, and all thy Beauty lies

Hid in the Shades of Death from mortal Eyes;

My

My faithful Muse, from vulgar Motives free,
 Shall tell the World, what they have lost in thee;
 That all may bless thy Name, that all may grieve
 (like me,

So *Lovely* was her Face, so sweet her Mien;
 So mild her Looks, her Temper so serene;
 Could *Virtue*, in an humane Shape appear,
 Thus, would she look; this, be the *Form* she'd wear,
Fair, as she was, the Beauty's Praise declin'd;
 More lovely still, in Her superiour Mind:
 Blest with an easy *Wit*, yet solid *Sense*,
 Few were her Words, but great their Influence:
 Mature in Judgment, though in Years but young,
 Slow to resolve, in Resolution strong.

So *Modest*, that she knew no Guilty thought,
 Nor ever blush'd, but for another's Fault:
 Unskill'd in all the fashionable Arts
 Affected Beauties use, to conquer Hearts;
 Her nobler Soul, such Methods did disdain,
 And o'er her Passions only, sought to reign:

Which

Miscellany POEMS. 43

Which modest Negligence adorn'd her more,
Than all those other num'rous Charms she bore,
And thus, without the least Design to please,
She gain'd an *Empire*, and she rul'd at Ease,

Ingenious Arts, her Entertainment were,
When better Bus'ness would her Minutes spare;
For Idleness, she held so great a Crime,
She never lost an Interval of Time;
Whether, she with her *Needle* finely wrought
Some curious Piece, to just Perfection brought;
Or, with her Nobler *Pencil*, pleas'd to trace
The shining Beauties of some lovely Face:
Which e'er she made her Choice, succeeded well,
For both she *practis'd*; did in both *excel*.

Tho' thus adorn'd, yet Pride could never find
The least Admission to her *humble Mind*;
So far she was from self Opinion free,
Her own admir'd Deserts she would not see;
But others Merit, with an *Eagle's Eye*,
She'd soon discern, and kindly magnific:

Blind

Blind to their Faults, but partial to their Fame,
Others she prais'd, her self would only blame.

Her *Charity* was so compassionate,
She more than seem'd to share the Needy's Fate:
But Pity was not all which they receiv'd,
For where she pitied, there she still reliev'd:
Yet not content with what her Life bestow'd,
Her dying Will confer'd a greater Good;
* A Good; of such Extent, and lasting Fame,
Successive ages shall it's worth Proclaim,
And Children yet unborn extol her fragrant
(Name.)

Such strict *Obedience* in her Life was shown,
As if her Parents Will had been her own,
With what endearing Care, and duteous Love,
Her Mother's Tenderness she did improve,
Her pious Mother's Tears, do best explain:
Tears, which Alas, her Eyes bestow in Vain!
For no Complaints can raise the Nymph again.

* She Dying unmarried, left her Fortune for the Building
and Endowing a FREE-SCHOOL at Ashton in Northampton-
shire, for Twenty-four poor Children for ever.

Religious

Miscellany POEMS.

45

Religious Duties were her early Care ;

In them she mov'd, as in her proper Sphear :
Her Heart, her Soul, on these she did employ.

But for this World's Concerns, she pass'd 'em by,
And scarcely thought 'em worth a transient
(Eye.

Her *Piety* was so intensely bright,
It scarcely now receives a greater Light,

Than here, in glorious Beams, it did display,
Warm without *Blaze* ; and pure without *Allay* :

Nor, was the Sun more constant in his Race,
Than her *seraphick* Course of Love, and Praise ;

With Morning Light, she duely rose to Pray ;
And, with the like Devotion, clos'd the Day.

Such was her *Life*, and such her *Christian Guard*,
Death found her not surpriz'd, or unprepar'd ;

But soon, as e'er th' *Almighty's* Call she knew,
From worldly Joys, she chearfully withdrew, }

And to her *Heav'nly Bridegroom's* Summons flew. }

Calm was her *Life*, and easy was her *Death* ;

With ardent Longings, she resign'd her Breath.

A strong,

A strong, and lively Faith, her Words express,
 And her last Look a *dying Saint* confess:
 No ghastly Pangs defac'd the lovely Shrine,
 But as her Life, so was her Death divine.

Oh early pious Maid! O happy Saint!
 Enthron'd in Bliss; forgive our fond Complaint
 From Sin and Death, thou art for ever free,
 Triumphant, in a blest Eternity:
 But we, unhappy! still remain below,
 Reserv'd to future Tryals; farther Woe:
 And now, misled by partial Grief, and Care,
 " *Feel not thy Joys, but feel our own Despair.*



PREDESTINATION:
OR, THE
RESOLUTION.

AH! strive no more to know what Fate
Is *pre-ordain'd* for thee;
'Tis vain in this thy mortal State;
For Heav'n's *inscrutable* Decree
Will only be reveal'd in vast *Eternity*.

Then, oh my Soul!
Remember thy celestial Birth,
And live to Heav'n, while here on Earth:
Thy *God* is infinitely true,
All *Justice*, yet all *Mercy* too:
To him, then, thro' thy *Saviour* pray
For *Grace*, to lead thee on thy Way;
And give thee *Will* to do.
But humbly, for the Rest my Soul;
Let *Faith*, and *Hope*, the Limits be
Of thy presumptuous *Curiosity*.

To

To

*To the Right Honourable the Lady
Dowager DE LA WARR; in
Imitation of Horace, Ode the
First.*

DEAR MADAM,

SOME Love the Park, and some the Play;
And others game their Time away:

While some, in Opposition worse,

Defraud their Mouths, to feed their Purse.

Noble Titles, plenteous Ease,

Our Vanity do often Please:

But Ah! how soon those Honours fall,

And cruel Death, still levels all.

In gloomy Shades, from Sight retir'd

Some take Delight to be admir'd.

Others, that love Parade, and Show

To ev'ry publick Meeting go,

And in the newest Mien, and Dress,

A studious Nicety profess.

Thus,

Thus, let these *modish Ladies* blaze,
And by a Thousand artful Ways
A short lived Passion raise;
For Wit, and Beauty, let them courted be,
But grant me *Quiet*, and *Obscurity*.

And, would kind Heav'n such Favour show,
One little Cottage to bestow,
In some remote, but healthy Air,
Far from Town, and free from Care;
If then, the *Muse* my Genius raise,
And you approve her rural Lays;
Secure of Fame, I'de boldly rise,
And all the Censures of the World despise.



To ever condescend
E

Thus,

To the Same.

On Her saying, I hid my Candle under a Bushel.

A Dor'd Sulpitia! use no more Command,
Your Friendship is too pow'rful to with-

I therefore beg, you would this Suit forbear,
And hear impartially an Orphan's Prayer.

The World's severe, true Criticks are but few;
And less will judge so candidly as you:
My Muse is dull, nor ever could endite
Lines brisk enough to give the Town Delight,
Flatt'ry she hates, all pert Obsceneness more:
Nor can She Patron's for their Gold adore.
Of this, or that false Fop, she can't complain,
Nor rail at *Virtue* in a modish Strain,
Such vulgar Theams, she still has been above;
Nor ever condescended once to Love.

Why

Why then should I, on such a Task engage?
 As well might *Collier* hope to purge the Stage,
 As my poor Verses, to reform this Age,
 And when we to the Press expose our Lays,
 We reap the *Criticks* Censure, not their Praise,
 By ev'ry wou'd-be-Writer, are we maul'd,
 And once in Print, can never be *recall'd*.

Ah Madam! from these Terrours let us free,
 Pity an humble *Muse*, or pity *me*;
 And let us still enjoy, our lov'd Obscurity.

To the Same.

On the Death of MIRABELLA.

MADAM,

IF Sighs like mine, which from my Soul do flow,
 Or faithful *Friendship*, can divide your Woe!

If Partners in Affliction, give Relief;

Then, sure, my Tears may mitigate your Grief:

This Tribute to your Sorrow's justly due,
Not for your Sake alone, but *Mirabella's* too,

For she, with wondrous Gifts of Mind was blest,
And gen'rous Virtues center'd in her Breast:
In her did *Beauty*, *Youth*, and *Wit* combine,
And *Piety* made each of these divine:
Good-humour'd, *Humble*, *Prudent*, *Kind*, and *True*,
Were Graces which she daily learn't from You;
Your fair Example, taught her how to move;
And she, with Care, those Maxims did improve.

But death! who spares not Youth, nor Inno-
(cence;

Death! against whom there can be no Defence,
Has snatch'd the charming *Mirabella* hence.
Calm, as she liv'd, so she resign'd her Breath,
And lovely seem'd, ev'n in the Pangs of Death.
Celestial Faith, her welcome Change did bless,
And radiant Smiles, declar'd her Happiness.

Partners in Affliction, give Relief;

Then

Then bright *Sulpitia*, cease your pious Tears!
 The Nymph you mourn for, now your Kindness
 She dreads lest Sorrow should your Health impair,
 And begs, you would these cruel Sighs forbear.
 Ah! do not, by your Grief, her Bliss suspend,
 And torture us, that on your Fate depend:
 Lest she thus mov'd regret the Joys above;
 And we, by Sympathy, your Martyrs prove.



CANARIO.

To the Same.

On the Death of Her beloved BIRD.

In Imitation of ANACREON.

COME, ye Citizens of Air,
 To this Grove, with Speed repair,
 From your lofty Seats descend,
 And lament *Canariò's* End:

Gently ; gently, sooth our Cares,
 With harmonious warbling Airs ;
 Then aloft your Voices raise,
 And in Consort sing his Praise.

Pretty Birds ! 'tis all in Vain,
 That you sing, and you complain ;
 Never can you reach his Lays,
 Never can you tell his Praise.

Of a foreign Race he came,
 Yet, so gentle, and so tame,
 That he liv'd uncag'd, and free,
 And abus'd not Liberty :
Love in him was stronger far,
 Than the strictest Fetters are ;
 And did greater Wonders shew,
 Than tyrannick Force could do.
 Ev'ry Morning, with the Sun,
 He such chearful Notes begun,
 As made humane Kind admire,
 And excell'd the feather'd Choir.

Round

Miscellany POEMS.

55

Round his Window would they throng,
 List'ning to the charming Song;
 And, with emulating Throats,
 Vainly strive to learn his Notes.

When he heard *Sulpitia's* Voice,
 Oh! how would his Heart rejoice!
 Step, by Step, he'd pacing come
 To her Door, and view the Room;
 And if Company he saw,
 Modestly he would withdraw;
 But if no Body were nigh,
 To *Sulpitia's* Lap he'd fly.

Not the Bird which *Juno* loves,
 Nor fair *Cytherea's* Doves,
 Were so great, so blest, as he
 Perch'd on bright *Sulpitia's* Knee:
 On her Lap, or on her Hand,
 Charming Notes he would command;
 Notes, too fine for mortal Ears;
 Notes, that seem'd to vie the *Spheres*.

But alas! he's now no more,

Let us then his Fate deplore:

Little Birds lament his Fall,

Solemnize his Funeral;

Cast your Feathers on the Ground,

Sing the mournful Dirge around:

Thro' each *sylvan* Lawn, and Grove,

Murmur out your grateful Love;

And with united Voice proclaim

Canario's Merit, and his Fame.



On the Death of the Right Honourable
ANNE, Lady Dowager DE
LA WARR.

WHAT darksome Gloom o'rcasts my Mind,
And swells within my Breast?

So vast, it scorns to be confin'd,

Or by dull Rules suppress.

Each

Miscellany POEMS. 37

Each Morn I seek some lonely Glade,
Each Night I court the welcome Shade.
Sad Visions terrify my Soul,
And quiet Rest deny ;
Distracting Fears my Thoughts controul,
Alas ! I know not why.
Sure, they my own approaching Death portend,
Or wound me thro' some *Sympathetick Friend*.
What e'er it be ! they're Notices divine,
And pointed Fate, does in these *Omens* shine.

II.

Oh my foreboding Heart ! it must be so !
Too soon, alas, too soon ! I know
The Source of all thy Woe.
See ! see, where good *Sulpitia* lies,
With pallid Cheeks, and dying Eyes :
So placidly she meets her Death,
She seems to offer up her Breath.
Her easy Looks such Resignation show,
From her pale Lips, such Heav'nly Accents
(flow,
As dying *Martyrs* on their Friends bestow.)
Nor

Nor worldly Thoughts can interrupt her
 Nor parting Tears, disturb her solid Bliss:
 Unmov'd, she sees our fond officious Grief,
 And tacitly forbids the vain Relief.
 Mean while her Soul, with pious Andor fir'd,
 And by an Antepast of Heaven inspir'd,
 Does such *seraphick*, boundless Joys possess,
 As none but *Saints* can feel, and *Angels* Tongues
 (express

III.

But I! Unhappy! quite overcome with Care,
 Dejected with Surprize, and wild Despair,
 In speechless Sorrow, languish'd at her Feet,
 'Till thus she rais'd me with a kind Regret:
 " For Heav'n sake (cried she) leave me now alone!
 " For Heav'n sake (dear *Eliza*) cease to moan!
 " Unkindly, now, you wish my longer Stay;
 " Oh! why will you, my welcome Flight de-

" Then

Miscellany POEMS.

59

" Then, smiling, bid me grieve no more,

" Nor grudge her happy State,

" Since Death alone, can Joys restore

" Beyond the Pow'r of Fate.

" Why should we seek Physicians Aid,

" To lengthen out our Pain?

" This Debt of Nature must be paid,

" To me, their Help is vain.

" No, dearest Friends, I feel Death's fatal
(Pow'r!

" And ev'ry Word draws on my latest Hour;

" Then cease these Tears, oh spare that cruel
(Sigh!

" But kindly waft me with your Prayers, and let
(me calmly die.

Good God! such Anguish did these Words
impart,

Such chilling Terrors pierc'd my throbbing
(Heart,

As can't be more acute, when Soul and Bo-
(dy part,

Scarce could I think my better Genius fled;

Scarce could believe my Eyes, that saw her dead:

Such

Such lively Graces, did her Features keep;
 She seem'd not as departed, but a sleep.
 So dying *Infant*, gently sink to Death;
 Like them she liv'd; like them resign'd her Breath.

Oh! how can I this fatal Loss survive?
 This endless Separation bear;

From her, whose Friendship when alive
 Was most my Comfort here?

In her lov'd Bosom, all my Cares were eas'd;
 My Joys were doubled; and my Grievs appeas'd;
 Ev'n all my Soul so freely was reveal'd,
 I'd scarce a Thought, that was from her conceal'd.
 O rigid Fate!

Why was she born so soon? or I so late?

Why was I destin'd to possess
 But one short, *septenary* Happiness?

Had she staid longer, I had still improv'd;
 For by her Conduct, all my Actions mov'd:

Ah wretched Maid! now great *Sulpitia's* gone
 No Friend hast thou, no Guide to rest upon.

Miscellany POEMS. 61

Yet curb thy Sighs! thy boundless Grief con-
 (ceal;
 Since none can ease the Torments thou dost feel;
 In secret, for thy private Loss complain;
 Nor cease thy Tears, while Life and Sense re-
 (main.

V.

Be calm my Breast; Eyes, cease your flowing
 (Tears:

A dazzling Scene of Glory now appears: I

See! how her guardian Angel nimbly Flies, }
 With his lov'd Charge he cuts the yielding Skies, }
 And crouding Cherubs meet them as they rise, }

Pleas'd with a Piety so like their own,

In joyful Hymns, they make her Welcome known.

O Happy! happy Saint, they cry,

In this thy second Birth;

How glorious, how triumphantly

Art thou return'd from Earth?

Our Sov'reigns Will thou hast perform'd,

A faithful Course hast run,

The World, the Flesh, and Devil scorn'd,

A Crown of Glory won,

O bless

O bless our Maker! in extatick Lays;
 O join with us! in everlasting Praise.
 Here stop my Muse! here stop thy daring Flight;
 An Intervening Cloud forbids thy Sight;
 Nor can thy mortal Eyes, bear such excessive
 (Light,

VI.

Come here, ye fair One's, hither come;

Leave worldly Thoughts behind;

Oh! learn to Dress you at this Tomb,

By great Sulpitia's Mind.

Her Virtues will your Charms improve,

Her Conduct yours will steer:

Her Condescension, gain you Love;

Her Truth, disperse your Fear:

Her Patience, will your Griefs allay,

Her Temper, rage disarm:

Her Piety, might Vengeance stay,

And salvage Atheists charm.

But all her Worth 'twould endless be to tell,

Each Virtue she possess; and did in each excel.

Thrice happy *Saint*! whose Name can never die,
While *Light* and *Darkness*, *Day* and *Night*, sup-
ply:
While *Virtue* lives, or there remains an Heir,
To grace the glorious Title of *La-Marr*,
But oh! to her such Sums of Praise are due,
That Bankrupt we can never pay;
Yet faithful Time shall to her Worth be true,
And save her Mem'ry from Decay:

The present Age shall celebrate her Fame;
And after Times extol her fragrant Name.

TO WILLIAM ATWOOD Esq; Chief
Justice of New York, on some
Verses He gave me.

WHEN gen'rous *Thyrsis* condescends to
His Pupil's mean, artificial Lays,
What Strength of *Genius* must his Numbers shew,
To give, at once, both Fame and Merit too?

Others,

64 *Miscellany POEMS.*

Others, may plausibly past Acts relate;
But he, where Worth is wanting, can create;
Such Energetick *Virtue* can bestow,
Such *Inspiration* from his Pen does flow.

With Pleasure, my great Censor's Voice I heard,
I hop'd his *Candor*, yet his *Judgment* fear'd;
But when I read the finish'd Poem o'er,
Shame warm'd my Cheeks, which Fear had chill'd
(before,
And blushing, I beheld such Graces shown
As I can, ne'er without Confusion own.
Yet, grateful *Emulation* bids me take
These undeserv'd Encomiums which you make,
Not as a Tribute, to my Verses due;
But as a kind Incentive, to pursue
The shining Prospect, you have set in View.

Believe me, Sir, your *Muse* a sacred Fire
Does, with such Force, into my Breast inspire,
As warms my Heart; ambitious now of Fame,
And prompts me, to secure a deathless Name.

Thus

Miscellany POEMS. 65

Thus *animated* by your gen'rous Praise!
 And thus, *instructed*, by your artful Lays!
 What mayn't I hope, from my aspiring Muse;
 While you her Flight direct, and she your Track
 (pursues?)



To the Same.

*On the Death of that excellent Young
 Man, LEIGH ATWOOD Esq; his
 only Son, who Died under Cypri-
 ano's Hands, after he had en-
 dur'd the Operation.*

S I R,

A Loss like yours must needs excite our Grief,
 And prompt each mourning Muse to bring
 (Relief;

Ardently striving, in exalted Lays,

To charm your *Woe*, and lasting Honours raise,

To him whose Worth transcends our highest
 Praise.

F

But

66 *Miscellany* POEMS.

But you so happily that Part supply,
That now 'twere Arrogance in us to try:
For none, like you, his *matchless* *Worth* could tell,
None knew him better; and none write so well.

But, since the glorious Name of *Friend* I bear,
Permit my *Friendship* in your Grief to share.
I mourn your Loss, but dare not mourn his Fate,
Whom Heav'n saw fit so early to translate;
And finding us unworthy such a Prize,
Remov'd the *bright Example* from our Eyes.
Nor dare I much lament that dreadful Pain,
Which he with such *Sereneness* did sustain,
Such *Constancy*, such *Courage*, so resign'd,
That all admir'd his *Fortitude of Mind*.

So Heav'n, when pleas'd to raise up for our
(View
A *Virtue* shining and instructive too,
With wondrous Gifts, it does this Man adorn,
Yet wond'rous Tryals must by him be born:
Not such as commonly Mankind befall,
But something *cruelly emphatical*:

Such

Miscellany POEMS. 67

Such as may make his *Piety* more bright,
And set his *Virtues* in the fairest Light.
So *Job's* vast Wealth makes not his Story shine,
But 'twas his Suff'rings render'd it divine.

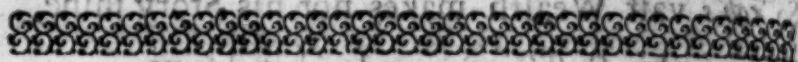
O happy youth ! thou'st finish'd well the Strife,
And reach'd the Goal of everlasting Life;
There rest, and in unbounded Pleasure reign,
Eternally secur'd from Grief and Pain :
Thy Father round the Globe has spread thy Fame,
And now, in deathless Verse, embalm's thy fra-
(grant Name.

And thou *celestial Bard* ! whose heav'n-born
(Muse
Does such heroick Piety infuse,
That we no longer at his Death repine,
But, taught by you, to Providence resign.

Illustrious Friend ! what Wonders dost thou
(shew,
At once th' *Afflicted*, and *Condoler* too !
Oh ! may the great Creator hear our Pray'r,
And with his *Presence* still thy Loss repair :

68 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

Thro' sad and num'rous Tryals hast thou past;
But this the *Greatest*, may it be the *Last*.



A Pindarick O D E

In imitation of SPENCER'S *Divine*
Love, inscribed to Mrs. KATHE-
RINE BRIDGEMAN.

O Love! my drooping *Genius* raise
Beyond these Organs Sight;
So high from Earth now let me soar,
That this dull World may be discern'd no more,
But lost in Streams of Light.

O mighty Love! my *Genius* raise;
New Tune my Lyre, refine my Lays;
Teach me thy wondrous Works to praise,
And to adore thy Might.

With lofty Thoughts, with heav'nly Fire,
Do thou my humble Muse inspire,

That

Miscellany POEMS.

69

That she an Hymn may sing,
Unto the *God of Love*, unto th' *Almighty King*!

II.

Before this Universe was made,
Or Planets twinckling Beams display'd;
Before swift Time his Race begun,
And measur'd out the Year;
Before that beauteous Light the Sun
Adorn'd the central Sphear;
Ev'n then th' *Almighty Pow'r*, which now doth
(move
In all these wond'rous Works, mov'd in it self by
(Love.
Himself he lov'd because all *Good* and *Fair*,
And of himself begot th' *Eternal Heir*
In his own Likeness——
With whom, and with the *Paraclete*
(Who did from both proceed)
He reign'd in boundless Realms of Might,
With Pow'r immense, and Glory infinite

Oh *Holy Spirit!* Pledge of Love,
 Eternal Spring of Grace;
 Look down upon me from above,
 And guide me in thy Ways.
 Teach me the *Wonders* by thy *Merty* wrought;
 And give me *Language* to reveal my *Thought*.

III.

Almighty Love!
 Still pregnant with prolifick Grace,
 Created an inferiour Race,
 His *second Sons*, tho' not so great,
 Yet th' *Ambassadors* of Fate,
 Numberless Hosts of *Angels*, fair and bright,
 Refulgent in their Maker's Light,
 Who round th' *Eternal-Throne*
 In seraphick Lays,
 Warble sacred Hymns of Praise
 To the great *Three-One*.
 Thus they joyfully attend,
 And on their Maker's Will depend:

Lucid Beams around them play;
 Night does never there appear;
 But *Time* is one continual Day
 All serene and clear.
 Thus they worship, thus attend,
 And their *Perpetual-Now* in endless Pleasure spend.

IV.

Thrice happy Spirits, if *Free-will*
 Had never been abus'd,
 In Glory you'd have triumph'd still,
 Had ye not employ'd so ill
 What for your Proof was us'd.
 But fatal Pride!
 Then first began to shew it's Face,
 Impatient of a second Place,
 And by the Prince of Angels did surprize
 Num'rous heav'nly *Entities*;
 Who big with Envy, and *primeval* Pride,
 (O dire *Ingratitude*! till then unknown,)
 Blasphemously their Maker's Pow'r defid
 And strove to seize his everlasting Throne.

Thus they impious Battle wage,
 And in their dreadful Sin persist,
 The faithful Spirits vig'rously resist,
 And in a deathless War engage,

V.

Incens'd at this their bold Essay,
 God sent out his consuming Fire;
 Discomfited they fly away
 And from his Wrath retire,
 'Till, as *preordain'd*, they fell
 From those glorious Realms of Light,
 To the deep Abyss of Hell,
 And Everlasting Night,
 In Flames of Sulphur Fiery-chains,
 With unutterable Pains,
 Doom'd for Evermore to dwell;
 Full of Impotence and Spight,
Despair and *Rage* improve their Hell,
 And magnifie the *beatifick* Sight
 From whence they lately fell.
 But if these Spirits, who were blest
 With greater Strength than Mortal e'er possess,
 Could

Could not their Innocence secure,
While *Good* and *Bad* was in their Pow'r ;
With how strict a Care ought we
To watch, and fear our own Sincerity ;
Who tho' but frail and brittle Clay,
Yet have a Will *elective*, and as free as they,

VI.

But lo ! *Almighty Love*,
Boundless in Mercy as in Might
To greater Condescensions yet doth move,
And in a mortal Progeny delight :
Which by *Eternal Prescience* he decrees
To fill th' angelick Vacancies.
'Twas then this Universe he form'd,
With World's, with Sun's, with Atmospheres
(adorn'd,
No sooner was th' All-potent-*Fiat* spoke,
But beauteous Light, from dismal Chaos broke.
'The feather'd Choire inhabit Liquid air,
The Seas with Various Fish replenish'd were,
And num'rous Animals on Earth appear.

Thus

Thus having fitted all for his new Creatures Use,
Which Earth might yield, or Seas and Air produce,
The great *Creator* did, of humble Clay,
Erect a Structure nobler far than they.
Gave him a beauteous Body, Godlike Soul
Form'd by the *Archetype* Divine;
A sov'reign Pow'r to rule this Sphear,
And all of mortal Line.

But ah, forgetful of his Maker's Grace!
Too soon, alas! he forfeited his Place;
Incurr'd that Penalty was justly due,
And all his Race in *endless Bondage* threw.
Vast were the Miseries they must sustain,
And *Sin*, and *Death*, at once began to reign:
No Glympse of Comfort then could *Adam* see,
No Hopes of Ransom left to set him free,
Mortals could ne're the mighty Debt repay,
Nor *pitying Angels*, greater far than they.

VII.

When Lo! the same *unbounded Love*,
 That did this Wretch create,
 Descends from his bright Throne above,
 And takes upon *himself* his abject Creature's Fate.
 Clad in an humble human Form,
 Tho' *perfect God*, yet *perfect Man*,
 Was of a spotless Virgin born,
 And the all saving Work began.
 He bore our *Sins*, his Father's *Wrath*,
 The heavy pressing Load of both:
 And that strict *justice* might be satisfied,
 He freely *offer'd up himself*, and for Man's Sake
 (he died.

VIII.

Oh *boundless Love*! Oh *Mercy Infinite*!
 What *poignant Grief* and *Pain*,
 Didst thou bright King of Glory, Lord of Might!
 For us thy Slaves sustain!
 What *Pangs*! what *Terrors* didst thou undergo!
 What *Floods of Mercy*! from thy Side did flow!

Each

Each Drop of Blood thou freely for us gave,
 And yet each Drop could Worlds of Sinners save,
 O beauteous Image of thy Father's Face!

Eternal God of Love, and Grace!

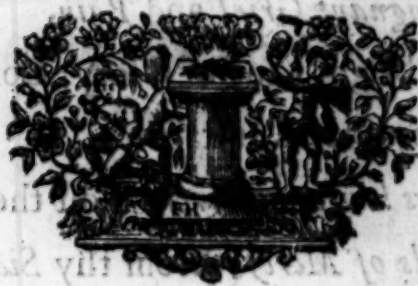
How can we this thy wond'rous Act requite,
 Or how sufficiently adore thy Might?

Nor Lives, nor *Holocausts* dost thou demand,
 From those thy Blood redeem'd,

Nor rigid *Penances* command,
 As some have fondly dream'd,

Love! grateful Love, is all thou do'st require,
 Oh then with grateful Love our Souls inspire!
 First to thy self, as is most justly due,
 Next unto all who bear thy Image too,

UNFINISH'D.



The DISCOVERY.

CEASE humane Emmets your fallacious
(Toil!
Nor let vain *Hopes*, and *Fears*, your Hours be-
(guile.

No solid Bliss can be obtain'd below,
Nor lasting Joys, from mortal Beings flow.

Like *Sisyphus*, we labour on in vain;
Like him we just our Wishe Height attain,
And then the *fleeting Good* rolls swiftly down
(again.)

With sad Surprise, we lost Endeavours view,
Yet fated to Deceit our fruitless Toils renew.



To the Right Honourable the Lady
D—, on Her first Visit.

WHEN some Illustrious Person's blaz'd by
Fame,
Charm'd by it's *Eccho* we revere the Name:
But when th' admired Idol we behold,
How different it appears from what was told!
With *Shame*, we past *Credulity* deplore;
And call those Praises back we gave before.

But, Madam, this is otherwise in you,
And *Fame* was much too short of what is *true*:
With pleasing Wonder, I survey'd you round,
And blest *Neander* whom such Virtues crown'd:
My self I then devoted as your Slave,
And am your Victim, to destroy or save;
As you decree, resolve to fall or rise;
Low at your Feet, the *bumble Trophy* Lies.

The

The EXECRATION.

ENslav'd by *Passions*, swell'd with *Pride*,
 In *Love* with one whom all deride;
 A Carcass *well*, yet Mind in *Pain*,
 Reduc'd to *beg*, but *beg* in vain;
 To live *reserv'd*, and *free* from *Blame*,
 And yet incur an *evil Fame*:
 Let *this*! this, be the *wretched Fate*,
 Of *Rosalinda*, whom I *bate*.

The true Effigies of a Certain Squire:
Inscribed to CLEMENA.

SOME gen'rous *Painter* now assist my *Pen*,
 And help to draw the most despis'd of *Men*:
 Or else, Oh *Muse*! do thou that *Charge* supply,
 Thou that art injur'd too as well as I;

Revenge

80 *Miscellany* POEMS.

*Revenge thy self, with Satyr arm thy Quill;
Display the Man, yet own a Justice still.*

First, *Paint* a large two handed furly Clown,
In Silver Waistcoat, Stockins sliding down,
Shooes, (let me see) a Foot and Half in Length,
And stoutly arm'd with Sparrables for Strength.
Ascend! and let a Silver String appear,
Which seems to cry, a Golden Watch is here:
O'er all a D'oily Stuff, to which belongs
One Pocket charg'd with *Citron Peel* and Songs:
'Tother contains, more necessary far
A Snuff Box, Comb, a Glass, and Handkercher,
Three Parts of which hangs dangling by his Side,
The fourth is wisely to a Button tied:
Just as it was in former Days a Rule
To tie young Childrens Muckenders at School.
Forget not Muse, gold Buttons at the Wrist;
Nor *Mecklin Lace*, to shade the clumsy Fist:
Two Di'mond Rings thy Pencil next must show,
Always in Sight like *Prim's* the formal Beau,

But

But if rude Company their Notice spare,
Then draw that Hand elated to his Ear;
And at one View let Dy'mond Ring, and Gol-
(den Bob appear.)

A Steenkirk next, of paltrey needle Stuff,
Which cost Eleven Guineas, (cheap enough.)
Next draw the Giant-Wigg of Shape profuse,
Larger than *Foppington's*, or *Overdoe's*.

The greasy Front, press'd down with Essence
(lyes,
The spreading Elf-Locks, cover half his Eyes;
But when he coughs, or bows, what Clouds of
(Powder rise.)

Enough, O Muse! thou hast describ'd him
(right,
Th *Emetick's* strong, I sicken at the Sight:

A Fop is nauseating howe'er he's drest,
But this too fulsome is to be exprest.
Such hideous *Medley*, would thy Work debase,
Where *Rake* and *Clown*, where *Ape* and *Knave*
(appear with open Face.

Yet stay, proceed and paint his awkward Bow;
 And if thou hast forgot, I'll tell thee how;
 Set one Leg forward, draw his other back;
 Nor let the Lump, a Booby wallow lack:
 His Head bend downward, with obsequious Quake;
 Then quickly raise it, with a Spaniel Shake.
 His Honours thus perform'd, a Speech begin
 May shew th' obliging *Principles* within:
 Thy Mem'ry to his Sense I now confine,
 His be the *Substance*, but th' *Expression* thine.

Madam, cries he, L-rd how my Soul is mov'd
 To see such silly Toys by you approv'd:
 A Closet stuff'd with Books, pray what's your
 (Crime,
 To superannuate before your Time;
 And make your self look old, and ugly in your
 (Prime?)
 Our modern Pedants contradict the Schools,
 For learned Ladies are but learned Fools.
 With ev'ry Blockhead's Whim ye load your Brains,
 And for a Shadow, take a World of Pains.

Miscellany POEMS 83

What is't to you what Numbers *Cæsar* flew?
 Or who at *Marathon* beat the Deel knows who?
 Defend me *Fortune*! from the Wife I hate,
 And let not bookish Woman be my Fate.
 For when with rural Sports fatigu'd I come,
 And think to rest my wearied Limbs at home;
 No sooner shall I be retir'd to Bed,
 Than she, for one poor Word, shall break poor
 (Priscians Head.
 Perhaps you'll say, in Books you *Virtue* learn,
 And by right Reason, *Good* from *Ill* discern:
 Ha! ha, believe me, *Virtue's* but Pretence
 To cloak Hypocrisy and Insolence:
 Let Woman mind her *Oeconomick* Care,
 And let the Man what he thinks fit prepare:
 (What he thinks fit, I say, or please to spend,
 For those are Fools, that on their Wives depend.)
 Nor need they musty Books to pass their Time,
 There's twenty Recreations more sublime.
 When tir'd with Work, then let them to the Play,
 If fair, go visit; if a Rainy Day
 In Cards and Chat drive lazy Time away.

84 *Miscellany* POEMS.

No hang me if I speak not as I mean;
 If on my *nuptial* Day there is not seen
 Of all my Spouse's Books, a stately Fire,
 Which she herself obediently shall fire;
 And Oh! might *Europe's* Learning in that Blaze
 (expire.)
 Now, Madam, pray the mighty Diff'rence shew?
 I eat, I drink, I sleep as well as you:
 I know by Custom two and two is Four;
 My Man is honest, then what need I more?
 And truly speak it to my Joy and Praise,
 I never Read six Books in all my Days.
 Nor should my Son; for could my Wish prevail,
Blest Ignorance I'd on my Race entail.
 Unthinking, and unlearn'd in plenteous Ease
 My happy Heir each Appetite should please:
 And when Chance strikes the last unlucky Blow,
 Glutted with Life, I'd have him boldly go
 To try that *Somewhat*, or that *Nought* below.

How is't my Friend? can you your Spleen contain,
 At this ignoble Wretch, this less than Man?

Trust

Trust me, I'm weary, can repeat no more,
And own this Folly worse than when 'twas acted
o'er.



TO PULCHERIA,

*On Her saying behind my Back, I
made my self ridiculous, by writ-
ing Verses.*

Mistaken Nymph! in vain you strive
To discompose my Breast;
Alas! these groundless Taunts you give,
Can never break my Rest.

II.

Like Breath on Steel, your peevish Spight
May for a Moment stain;
But as that quickly grows more bright,
So will my injur'd Fame.

III.

With Patience I your Scoffs endure,
 Pleas'd with my Innocence :
 In that alone, I rest secure ;
 And seek no more Defence.

IV.

Go then, some other Trick invent
 My placid Soul to move ;
 For this can ne'er your *Shame* prevent ;
 Your *Wit* or *Virtue* prove.

The DEFIANCE.

VAIN Love ! thy Power I defie !
 With all thy strong Artillery
 Of moving Accents, dying Eyes ;
 Those boasted Weapons I despise ;
 Nor can I foolishly believe
 Thou'rt able or to please or grieve !
 Like Lovers Men, thy *Pow'r* adore,
 And worship what they made before ;

And

And such their arbitrary Sway,
That what they dream, we must obey.
(For *Poets* are not counted Free,
Until they've paid some Lines to thee.)
But *Vain Chimera* of the Brain!
Whose Pow'r we by Tradition feign;
Behold one to the *Muses* vow'd,
Who never at thy Altar bow'd.

To the Memory of

JOHN DRYDEN *Esq;*

Disconsolate *Britannia* mourning State;
Sighs told her Loss, and Tears *Neander's*
(Fate:
Each recollected Line renew'd her Care,
And ev'ry Thought enhanc'd her vast Despair.
Thus gen'rous *Grief* long struggled in her Breast,
But Want of Language *Passion's* Voice suppress'd.
At last Spring-tides of *Sorrow* Silence broke,
And, in an Agony, these Words she spoke.

Ye Pow'rs above who rule this earthly Stage;
 Ye sacred *Numen's* of the present Age!
 What has *Britannia* done to meet your Hate?
 Why is she punish'd in *Neander's* Fate?
 Could none but He have made your Anger known?
 Could nothing less than He your Wrath atone?
 He whom *Apollo's* sacred self inspir'd,
 Envy'd by many, but by all admir'd;
 Who *Juvenal* and *Persius* overcame,
 Who taught them *English*, yet preserv'd their Flame
 Who gave us *Virgil* in our native Tongue,
 And *Absalom's* Misfortunes so divinely sung,
 Dryden, on whom each Science did attend,
 The greatest *Genius*, and the truest *Friend*:
 With Worlds of Words, he did our Speech refine,
 And manly *Strength* with modern *Softness* join;
 Each Language made subservient to his End,
 And those *Acquests* as bravely did defend,
 Not fam'd *Timotheus* could, with greater Ease,
 Excite our *Anger*, or our *Wrath* appease.

True Measure with his Verse our Passions kept,
 And as he pleas'd we either *smil'd* or *wept*.
 How noble was his Style, sublime his Thought!
 How nicely just was ev'ry Piece he wrote!
 But with his Last what Numbers can compare?
 Not *dying Swans* more sweet and regular?

And till *Neander* grac'd the British Sphear,
 How abject did our Muses Sons appear?
 They coasted by the Shoar, a lazy Way;
 But all the Inlands undiscover'd lay.
 Wit's Empire *Dryden* boldly did explore,
 And like the *Heroe* could have wept for more:
 But gen'rously he check'd his noble Rage,
 And for his *Albion's* sake his Passion did assuage.
 Thro' gloomy *Shades* unlighted by the Day,
 And *Heights* untrod, he forc'd an open Way;
 For ev'ry Province *Beacons* did provide,
 And Marks succeeding Travellers to guide:
 Then gave us *Charts* of what was long conceal'd;
 And to th' admiring World th' *Incognita* reveal'd.

Oh!

True

Oh! had ye lengthen'd out his fleeting Hours,
 Had he but liv'd t'ave made great *Homer* ours;
 Redeem'd his injur'd Sire, and set him free
 From *Chapman*, *Hobb's*, and mangling *Ogilby*:
 How had the Bard exulted in his Mind!
 And with what Pleasure his great Soul resign'd!
 But ah *Britannia*! thou complain'st too late,
 There's no reversing the Decrees of Fate:
 In vain we sigh! in vain alas we mourn!
 Th' *Illustrious Poet* never must return.

Weep, weep *Britannia*, never cease thy Tears,
 But still encrease thy Sorrows with thy Years:
 'Twas mighty *Dryden* gave thy *Island* Fame,
 And made that Honour lasting with his Name.
 This said—she pensively reclining lay,
 And, spent with Grief, wore out the tedious Day:
 When sudden Beams of Light around her broke,
 And in a Vision thus *Apollo* spoke.

Much lov'd *Britannia*, from this Posture rise,
 Lament no more, nor cloud thy beauteous Eyes:

See where thy *Dryden* in our Presence stands,
 And with what Pow'r he now the Nine commands;
 To gain his Plaudit how they all aspire:
 And he the *Genius* is of *Albion's* tuneful Choire.
 Then up ingrateful *Isle*, revere his Name!
 Let all thy Sons my *Dryden's* Worth proclaim,
 And with harmonious Numbers celebrate his
 Fame.

To the Memory of JOHN DRYDEN
Esq;

An ODE.

Inscrib'd to Mr. CHARLES DRYDEN.

SAY Pregnant Muse!
 What wond'rous Subject wilt thou choose?
 What godlike *Herae*, or what mighty *King*?
 Wilt thou in lofty Numbers sing?
 Oh! tell the Theam
 That thus disturbs thy Rest,
 That drives thee to this wild Extream,
 And with such Fury agitates my Breast.
 Hence,

Hence, hence dull Goddess tempt no more,

Thy fickle Humour I abhor :

There's nothing now to be admir'd

Since *Dryden* is from Earth retir'd.

Forgive, Oh *Muse*! I find 'tis he,

'Tis *Dryden* does thy Notes inspire :

He who first instructed thee,

And tun'd thy inharmonious Lyre.

II.

Great *Genius*, if thou still do'st know

The Wishes of thy Friends ;

Or still tak'st Part in what is done below,

Thy kind Attention now bestow,

Thy wonted Succours lend.

Oh come, *Dear Friend*, but come in Dream,

And help me weild this mighty Theam ;

Still be thou humble, kind, and free,

And teach me Notes deserving thee.

But ah ! fond Maid, thou beg'st in Vain,

Thy Sighs are lost in Air :

The happy *Dryden* flights thy Pain,

Nor listens to thy Pray'r.

Far,

Miscellany POEMS. 93

Far, far remov'd from Earth's dull misty Shoar,
He sees not mortal Cares, he hears their Plaints no
(more.

III.

Whether thy gen'rous Soul
Is by Refusion pass'd into the Whole:

Or o'er some Planet doth preside:

Or in Completion of it's Doom,

A Guardian *Genius* is become,

Some worthy Friend to guide?

Or, art thou mounted to an higher Sphear,

As thou in *Harmony* and *Wit*,

Excel'd all Others here?

Since we thy Presence on this *Earth* enjoy'd,

Oh where art thou retir'd? Oh how art thou em-
(ploy'd?

If we by Death Perfection know,

And view the Spring whence *second Causes*
(flow;

How vast a Prospect do'st thou take?

What wond'rous Observations make?

How

Far,

How the beauteous *Planets* move;
 Why they circularly stray;
 How they influence our *Love*;
 Why they prove our *Life's* Decay.
 How the dreadful *Comets* grow;
 Whence they come, and where they go.
 Learning *humane*, and *divine*,
 Great *Astronomer*, are thine:
 All Natures Secrets are to thee reveal'd:

From thy *expanded Sight* there's nothing now conceal'd:

IV.

But Hark!

The heavenly *Spheres* turn round;
 And *Dryden* wonders at th' amazing Sound:
 With Joy he sees, with Rapture bears
 What he so long had sought;
 And listens to the *Harmony*,
 In Extasy of Thought.
 Then with a gen'rous *Emulation* tries,
 To explicate the tuneful *Mysteries*:

Miscellany POEMS. 95

Marks how the Numbers gently rose,
 And in celestial *Diapasons* close:
 Where they *turn*, and when they *rest*:
 And all the diff'rent Sounds revolves within his
 (Breast.
 Until he plainly hath descri'd
 Where *Harmony* exalts her Seat,
 And the melodious *Beauty* doth reside.

V.
 With utmost Pleasure thus our Poet hears,
 And learns the sacred Musick of the *Sphears*,
 Where all the various *Cadences* are shown;
 Yet hardly sweeter than his own:
 Whose artful sublimated Fire
 Before 'twas from Earth's Prison free,
 Could Things inanimate inspire,
 And give the *Heroe* Immortality:
 Revive the *Dead* in charming Layes,
 And crown the *Just* with never fading Bayes.
 Long, long 'ere he on *Albions* Isle appear'd,
 Or *Albion's* drooping *Genius* chear'd;

When

96 *Miscellany* POEMS.

When first the *Fates* his Being did decrees,
 They form'd his Mind of choicest *Harmony*,
 For surely that extensive Flame
 Never by *Traduction* came;
 But, thus endu'd, his *pre-existing* Soul
 Thro' all the inspired Bards did rowl,
 From *Orpheus*,
 To this greater far than he!
 And was the *universal* Life of Poetry.

VI.

But now that tuneful Hand, that awful Face,
 Where *Wit* and *Judgment* thone with equal
 (Grace)
 That Brain, which more than *Atlas* bore,
 And ev'ry *Muse's* Lawrel wore;
 In which all *Humane Science* might be found,
 Tho' banish'd from Earth's spacious Round;
 Is now, alas, no more!
 Swift, from our Sight, the fatal *Tyrant* flies
 With th' inestimable Prize:

And

And lands him on his cruel Shoar,

Thence never to return,

Never, never more !

Amidst unutterable Pains,

How charming was his Mien ?

Tho' as a Mortal he complain'd,

Yet was his Soul serene :

With *Stoick* Courage he resign'd his Breath,
And died a truly *Philosophick* Death.

But gen'rous *Bard* thy Name can never die,

Thy Labours give thee Immortality.

Fame thy Praises shall resound,

And joyful *Eccho's* answer all around :

In Nations yet unknown,

Thy just Applauses shall be found,

And thy vast Works with Admiration shown.

While beauteous *Phæbus* Light does give,

Mighty *Dryden's* Name shall live ;

He shall alone the Standard be

Of all succeeding Poesy.



A New LITANY,
Occasion'd by an Invitation to
Wedding.

FROM Marrying in haste, and Repenting
 (leisure
 Not liking the Person, yet liking his Treasure:

Libera nos

From a Mind so disturb'd that each Look does re-
 veal it

From Abhorring One's Choice, and not Sense to
 (conceal it

Libera nos

From a Husband to govern, and buy him his Wit
 From a sullen ill-natur'd, and whimsical Citty:

Libera nos



A Laconick Epistle to CLEMENA.

TIS now you must your Virtue prove;
And fly (dear Friend) from what you
(love.

*To Sir SAMUEL GARTH, on His
Recov'ring Her Mother.*

An O D E.

LET others *Phæbus* Aid require
To sing their *Hero's* Fame,
No sacred Pow'r will I invoke,
But *Dryden's* awful Name.
The wond'rous Man great *Dryden* knew,
Admir'd his Worth, and lov'd him too;
And in sweet Notes would still commend
The *Æsculapius* and the Friend.

100 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Oh venerable Shade! my Wishes hear,
And help me sing the Man whom you esteem'd
(dear

II.

Garth's the Subject of my Song!
To *Garth*, our Praises all belong!
Garth, who merits all Esteem!
The Patient's Joy, the Poet's Theam:
But Oh! whose daring Pen can tell
What does our highest Praise excel,
And in a noble flowing Verse,
The Wonders of his Art rehearse?
In vain we strive, in vain press on,
To reach the dazzling Height;
'Tis such a *Genius* as his own
Alone must do him Right;
Where Wit with brightest Lustre shines,
And *Paan* with *Minerva* joins.

III.

When freed from Envy's Rage,
Great *Harvey* left th' unthankful Age,

Miscellany POEMS. 101

Commanded to bestow
Immortal Youth on *Hero's* Shades below.
'Twas then, the pitying Pow'rs which all fore-
(see,
Did thee most learned *Garth* decree,
Nature's Secrets to explore,
To give us Ease, our Health restore,
And lash our *Mirmil's* dull Degen'racy,
Soon from their Cells, the latent Seeds ad-
(vance,
And frame a sacred mystick Dance:
Here sympathetick Accents shine,
There others healing and divine;
The tuneful too their Stations know,
And Fire and Air together flow;
'Till they the *noble Structure* form'd,
With ev'ry nat'ral Gift adorn'd,
Not like the Work of *Chance*.

IV.

Jove, who rules the Pow'rs above,
And governs all below;
For all that's good descends from *Jove*,
Who did this Gift bestow;

The new created Work with Pleasure view'd,
And bounteously with ev'ry Grace endued.

Go thou, (said he) on Earth appear,

In ev'ry Art excel,

Heal the Sick and chear the Well,

And be a second *Æsculapius* there.

In medick Skill thou shalt surpass

All that are, or ever was :

Disease thy dreaded Sight shall know,

And own that Pow'r I now bestow.

Go then !

And be't thy gen'rous Task Mankind to save,
Rescue from *Death*, and the devouring *Grove*

V.

Apollo heard the Infant blest'd,

And humbly did implore,

That he to sweeten all the Rest

Might add one Blessing more.

Accept from me (cry'd he) this tuneful *Lyre*,

And when fatigu'd with Patients Cares,

The Burden which thy Fate prepares,

'Twill gayer Thoughts inspire.

'Twill

Miscellany POEMS. 103

'Twill sing *Nassaw* whom all revere

In Notes deserving *Nassaw's* Ear.

Vice it will lash, and *Vertue* praise,

And crown thy Head with lasting Bays.

This said !

Propitious *Jove* did to the Gift agree,

And with a ratifying Nod, confirm'd the full De-
(cree.

VI.

Forgive great Sir, this bold Essay

Your Merits to disclose ;

My first Intentions were to pay

Our grateful Thanks in Prose :

But then the chiming Muse drew near,

And cry'd, the Work belong'd to her ;

Tho' soon her rash Attempt she saw,

As hasty then her Service to withdraw ;

Too weak her Wings to soar so high,

Yet too desirous, not to try.

When Lo !

104 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Great *Dryden's* Muse appear'd,
 And with maternal Looks her drooping Spirits
 Fate's Secrets then she did reveal, (cheer'd,
 And charg'd she should obey
 What Inspiration made her say,
 And not the Least conceal.
 Each Word she spoke new Vigour did infuse,
 And with fresh Strength she imp'd the languid
 (Muse,
 So gen'rous Garth!
 When he appear'd *Disease* retir'd with Shame,
 And *Cæsar*-like he saw, and overcame.



To the Same.

On His almost miraculous Recov'ring
of Her GRAND MOTHER, Aged
75, of a violent Fever and Palsy.

LET us no more old *Æson's* Tale suspect,
Or censure *Causes* by their strange *Effect*;
That Fable now is literally true,
For *Garth* does aged *Fabia's* Youth renew.
Gasping she lay ev'n at the Point of Death,
Depriv'd almost of *Reason*, *Limbs*, and *Breath*,
When with a Smile which did sure *Hopes* inspire,
Illustrious *Garth*! bid the Disease retire.
His awful Words our firm Belief did gain,
Nor was the *sanative* Injunction vain;
Blest by the Deity new Life he gives,
And she by him fresh Health and Strength receives.
So snatch'd he good *Cornelia* from the Grave,
And so he did the worthless Author save.

Oh!

106 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Oh ! could my *Muse* exalt her humble Lays,
To learned *Garth* She would a Trophy raise,
She'd sing his matchless *Art*, she'd show her grate-
(ful *Praise*,

In lofty Notes eternalize his Name,
And o'er the World his wondrous Acts proclaim.
But—

So much does his just Praise her Skill transcend,
She wants fit Language when she would com-
(mend
'The best *Physician*, and most gen'rous *Friend*.

Whether his sparkling *Wit* we nicely view,
And by that Standatd judge of what is true :
Or hear him Nature's prudent Laws explain,
And with *judicious Care* our Health regain :
Each does the noblest Satisfaction give ;
By that, we're *polish'd* ; and by this, we *live*.



To the Same :

*On Her own Recov'ring of a Fever
in the Spirits, by Drinking warm
Water only.*

SEE wond'rous Man! with what Success,
Indulgent Heav'n your Art does bless;
See how *Disease* your Presence flies,
Or lurking in some new Disguise,
Attempts to 'scape your piercing Eyes.
While you the baleful *Hag* pursue,
And all her dark Recesses view,
And she, by you thus drag'd to Light,
Flies trembling from your awful Sight.

Nor need you *Drugs* of foreign Store,
Or native *Plants* of sov'reign Pow'r;
Meer Water when prescrib'd by you,
Can Nature's strongest Foe subdue:
Such pow'rfull Accents from you flow,
Your Voice alone does *Health* bestow.

To

To

To the Same :

On His very elegant EPIGRAM of
the Spanish Monarchy.

WHEN such a *Genius* condescends to write,
It gives at once both *Wonder* and *Delight*;
So strong's the Thought, the Numbers so severe;
So few the Words, and yet the Sense so clear:
Each Verse some old *Idea* does renew,
And each *Idea* brings an Age in View.
In your Six Lines all *Homer* does appear,
Virgil's Aeneis, and the present War.



*In Imitation of HORACE, Lib. I.
Ode xi. inscribed to CORNELIA.*

A H Friend! no more consult the Stars,
With Patience bear thy Doom;
Nor multiply the present Cares,
With Ills that are to come.

II.

Whether our Time is short or long,
It matters not to know;
All that to Mortals does belong,
Is an honest Life below.

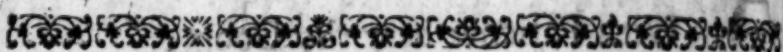
III.

Then let's be wise, contract our Cares,
Not dive in Depths profound;
Enjoy what ever Fate prepares,
Yet keep in Honour's Bound.

IV. No

IV.

No more let us expect Delight,
 In Years that are to come;
 For Lo! *Cornelia*, while I write,
 The present Minute's gone.

*To BASSINA.*

WHAT you have said, I grant is true,
 Reason our *Passions* should subdue,
 But while the Soul and Body join,
 Who can their Sense so much refine,
 As not to know the Pain they feel,
 When crush'd beneath Ill-fortune's Wheel?
 In vain, alas! the *Stoicks* prate
 Of *Indolence*, and Braving Fate:
 'Tis all at best but canting Noise,
 Feign'd *Virtue*, and affected Joys;
 Their perfect Men as fictitious are,
 As *Centaur*s or *Chimera's* were:

Miscellany POEMS. III

Sole Reason can't such Wonders do,
Nor Nature's Realm such Creatures shew :
Tho' Resolution be severe,
Yet humane Frailty will appear,
And clog the Mind with Hope and Fear.

Howe'er if we preserve a Mien
In Grief, as well as Joy, serene ;
Alas ! we presently grow vain,
And think we do the Goal attain :
When we, in Truth, but well conceal
Those Ills we care not to reveal.

She then must be esteem'd most wise,
Whose Hopes on Providence relie's ;
Who does her *Frailties* understand,
And can her *Passions* best command.

But for the Rest, 'tis all in vain
To imitate what *Stoicks* feign :
Perfection owes to Heaven it's Birth,
And ne'er but once was seen on Earth.

To

*To Captain GIBBONS, on Mr. DRY-
DEN's Death.*

OH! *Shepherd*, now exert thy charming Lays,
Condole our Loss, and sing *Neander's* Praise.
Th' expecting World demands this Task from you,
And sacred *Friendship* claims it as her Due.
Let Grief unfeign'd the *Muses* Skill excite,
Let tuneful *Gibbons* condescend to write:
He best the mighty Task can undergo,
Do Justice to the *Bard*, and calm the Nation's Wo.

To the Same.

*On His Poem to the Memory of Mr.
DRYDEN.*

WHEN in your lively Draught we view our
(*Friend*,
We bless it's *Author*, and the *Work* commend:

In

Miscellany POEMS 113

In ev'ry Verse such awful *Charms* appear,
 So just the *Turns* the *Metaphors* so clear:
 Such crowding Beauties in each Period shine,
 With *Rapture* fill'd we pause at ev'ry Line.
 Oh happy *Pen* we cry! Oh *Elegy* divine!
 Whether in lofty Notes you sing his Praise,
 Or mourn our *Loss* in more familiar Lays;
 So well you finish what you take in hand,
 You equal *Wonder* equal *Praise* command.
 Let mighty *Kneller* just Applauses find,
 And in his Art excel all Humane-kind;
 Yet he but paints the *Face*, 'tis you that paint the
 (Mind.)

To the Same.

On some VERSES He gave me.

SUCH just *Analogy*'s in ev'ry Part,
 So natural, yet so far excelling Art;
 So sweet your Numbers, in so soft a Strain,
 The Sense so masculine, and yet so plain!

I

If

114 *Miscellany* POEMS.

If on an humble *Theme* so fine's your Thought,
How on a better *Topick* had you wrote?

You who so candidly can Faults excuse,
How would you sing a Subject worth your *Muse*?

On worthless me then lavish not your Praise,
But sing *Æmilia* in immortal Lays:

Æmilia, who in Midst of Wrongs is seen
Contentedly *resign'd* and charmingly *serene*.

Thus sing the great *Æmilia's* greater Fame,
And Hills and Vales shall eccho to her Name;

While wond'ring Nymphs, and Shepherds round
(Thee throng,

And learn thy Tuneful elevated Song.



A Mid

*A Midnight Thought, (on the Death
of Mrs. E. H. and Her little
Daughter, cast away under Lon-
don-Bridge, Aug. 5. 1699.) end-
ing with an Address to CLE-
MENA.*

OH sacred *Time* ! how soon thou'rt gone !
How swift thy circling Minutes run !
Oh *Time* ! our chiefest worldly Good,
If we employ *Thee* as we shou'd !
And yet how few thy Value know,
But think thee troublesome and slow !
(Motion and Rest fill up our Time,
And little, Oh my *Soul*, is thine !)
We eat, we drink, we sleep, and then
We rise — to do the same again :
And thus like *Fairies* daily tread,
The same dull Round our Predecessors led.

116 *Miscellany* POEMS

Young *Lydia* prudent was and fair,
Was all that virtuous Women are;
And yet how soon her Glass was run,
How short her fatal Thread was spun!
How know we our appointed *Fate*,
Whether ordain'd us soon or late?
Health is uncertain, *Death* is more;
And much we have to do before.

Ah then, my *Friend*, let us be wise;
No more the precious Gift despise;
But use it for the End 'twas giv'n,
And prove we're *Candidates* of Heav'n.
Let others to the Play repair,
Be courted and reputed fair:
Whole Winter-Nights at *Ombre* play
To pass the Drug of Time away.
While we our better Parts employ,
And placidly our Souls enjoy:
Praising that *Pow'r* did us create;
But more the *Love* redeem'd our Fate.

Young

Then

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G

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Alas!
But

Then with th' illustrious *Dead* converse,
And sometimes with a Friend in *Verse*.
Thus in the Culture of the Mind,
Improve those Hours by Fate assign'd:
So shall we from superfluous Time be free:
'Tis Want of Sense makes *Superfluity*.



Paraphrase from the French, In-
scribed to the LADY HODGSON.

G O satisfie thy curious Mind,
Search either *Hemisphere*;
Yet after all thy Pains Thou'lt find
There's nothing certain here.

II.

In vain poor Mortals hunt for Bliss,
And grasp the fleeting Air:
Alas! on *Earth* we nought possess
But Vanity and Care.

118 *Miscellany* POEMS.

III.

With servile Fears, and golden Chains,
The needy *Miser* 's bound;
The Great in Wealth and Pleasure reigns,
Yet *Cares* their Bliss confound.

IV.

Ah! let us then our *Love* refine,
Not doat on Things Below;
And let our Souls that are divine
To their just Center flow.

SUSPENCE.

O F all those Evils which on Earth we find,
Doubt 's the most tort'ring Passion of the
(*Mind*:

With furious Tempests it assaults the Soul,
And Floods of jarring Thoughts in diff'rent Tor-
(rents Rowl.
Here pleasing *Hope* dilates the Soul with Joy:
There sad *Despair* doth all those Hopes destroy,
Contempt in various Forms doth *Anger* move,
And *Fear* succeeds to lose the Thing we love.

Thus!

Miscellany POEMS. 119

Thus! thus, on *Doubt's* inhospitable Coast,
The shipwrack'd Soul is swallow'd up and lost.

To the most Honourable the Marchio-
ness of——on Her leaving the
Town.

O H stay! illustrious Wonder of our Kind!
And let soft Pity move your noble Mind.

(Pity the Attribute of Powers above,
And kind Absolver of aspiring Love.)

See with what Sorrow we lament our Fate;

How many Fears your Absence does Create;

How many weeping Eyes upon your Chariot
(wait.)

Stay! stay, thou great Exemplar of our Isle!

Once more bestow a kind auspicious Smile:

Tho' Pity can't your fix'd Resolves subdue,

What may'nt we hope your Charity will do?

For, pious Fair, shou'd all the Good and Great

Conceal their Virtues in a close Retreat;

What must we poor unthinking Mortals do,

Left uninstructed by the Godlike Few.

Where shou'd we learn those *Principles* divine,
Which with such Lustre in your Actions shine,

Oh! would you quit your Thoughts of part-
(ing hence,
And bless us still with present Influence;

To what exalted Height might *Vertue* rise,
Since ev'ry conquer'd Vice your *Presente* flies?

To what great Glories might our Sex arrive,
While they by your *Example* learn to live,

Kindly encourag'd, and led on by you,
How shou'd we all Impediments subdue?

And led thro' *Virtues* narrow Paths to *Fame*,
Devote our Praise to your auspicious Name.

But soon as our instructive Pattern's gone,
And we are left to find our Ways alone,
How we shall want you, how your Absence mourn,
And with our Wishes hasten your *Return*!

So when bright *Cynthia* leaves our Hemisphere,
Forsaking the benighted Traveller;
He who before went forwards with Delight,
Now lost in gloomy Horrors of the Night,

Walks

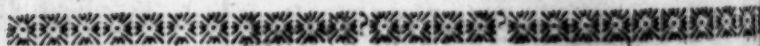
Walks pensively, with wand'ring Steps and flow,
 Not knowing which uncertain Way to go.
 Let glow-worm Lights, to country Shades retire,
 Whose sickly Glare the Darknefs does require :
 But Oh ! may you appear in open Day,
 Whose genuine Splendour shines with such a Ray,
 As needs no Foil, admitts of no Allay.



The REPROOF.

CEASE, cease to wish ; 'tis all in vain !
 Complaints nor ease nor cure thy Pain.
 Had'st thou a faithful Friend,
 Would listen to thy Grief,
 And cordial Pitty lend,
 Oh this thou think'st Relief !
 But foolish Maid thy Wish is vain !
 Complaints Prolongers are of Pain ;
 And what in Sighs and Tears would end,
 Is aggravated and renew'd by each condoling
 (Friend.

Then, impious Maid forbear,
 To Heav'n alone complain in Pray'r:
 If he whose Word did Thee create,
 And wisely pre-ordain'd thy Fate;
 Is pleas'd some Evil to prevent,
 By this severe, this rigid Government;
 How durst thou at thy Lot repine!
 Or question Providence divine!
 Then cease Complaints thy Station know!
 And humble Resignation show.
 Thy God will change their Hearts, if he sees fit
 And 'tis thy Duty to submit.



A Panegyrick.
 To an ATTORNEY.

S I R,
 H Earing you now are come to Town,
 I bid you welcome, tho' unknown;
 You, the Fav'rite of Apollo,
 Lead up the Van while we but follow.

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Miscellany POEMS. 123

Permit me then, the hindmost of the Rear,

To render Tribute due,

Altho' too mean for you.

Since I can't write heroick Verse,

Nor durst presume I to rehearse

A Merit so exact,

As you each Moment make appear,

In ev'ry Word and Act.

But Sir, what News from——pray,

Who's dead or married? what befall,

And hath induc'd this tedious Stay?

I hope your Friends are well?

Or was it Duty led by filial Care,

Made you so long leave us to court your native
(Air?)

II.

Each long Vacation you are gone,

And rural Sports enjoy,

While London is not thought upon

Till Term approaches nigh.

And brings ye Lawyers up with rapid Course;

Swifter than Pegasus Horse

Ye

Ye fly to Town, and ride up Post,
 But make your Clients pay the Cost:
 Their *Pericraniums* then to please;
 You load with awk'ard Words like these
 On *Scire Facias* I'll extend
 An Outlawry, then must you send
 An *Affidavit* made upon
 The *Nisi-Prius* to plead on:
 This I report, *non est Inventus*,
 Then on the *Posses Comitatus*,
 The Bench awards as necessary,
Execution and *Certiorary*.
Habeas Corpus's, good Store,
Subpoena's, *Writs*, you must and more
 Then I have Leisure now to tell,
 But leave your Cause an't shall go well:
 For rather than it should be lost,
 I will instruct some *Knights o' th' Post*.

III.

Thus puzzle ye their dull *litigious* Brains,
 While some poor Souls believe it Conjurati-
 (on,
 And

Miscellany POEMS 125

And at your Shrines pay humble Adoration,
True Votaries to your Vocation.

This may perhaps to Years extend :

But when you find Purse at an End,

The *Contra-Lawyers* soon agree,

And eat the *Oyster* for their *Fee*.

While gaping Client gets an empty Shell,

With *vostre Serviteur Monsieur* farewell.

Then all the Comfort that remains,

Is to see *Asses* drudge for others Gains.



A Pastoral ELEGY.

To the Memory of Her dear Friend
the Honourable Mrs. CECILIEE
BEW.

MENALCASS.

STAY *Mopsus*, tell me, ere you go,

Am I a Wolf you fly me so?

Methinks thy Flocks run bleating too,

And frightened seem as well as you.

MOP-

126 *Miscellany* POEMS.

M O P S U S.

Let go *Menalcas*, you may guess.

M E N A L C A S.

But that wou'd make our Friendship less!
A smother'd Grief, like pent up Fires,
Burns inly, and with one great Blaze expires:
But if you've Cause, and wou'd prolong the
(Smart,
Disclose the Burden of your troubled Heart,
Friendship like mine shoul'd always bear a Part.

M O P S U S.

Leave, leave me Shepherd, mine's too great to speak

M E N A L C A S.

I'll ease it then, and thus the Secret break.
Poor Swain thy Beard is matted, with thy Hair,
Thy Cloaths are rent, and thy dear Bosom bare
I find thou'st heard the fatal News too soon,
Of perjur'd *Sylvia's* marrying *Demophoon*.

Mo

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turn, 169

Miscellany POEMS. 127

MOPsus.

No, mine's a nobler Flame, unthinking Swain,
Than *Sylvia* e'er inspir'd, or e'er cou'd feign:
I some few Words of course perhaps might say,
But 'twas in Jest to pass the Time away.

MENALCAS.

Ha! not in Love with *Sylvia*, as I fear'd,
Nor dost thou miss a Straggler from the Herd?
What then can be the Cause, dear *Mopsus* tell,
The * Wolves beg Péace, and our great *Pastor's*
(well?)

MOPsus.

Dost thou not hear the Vales and Groves around,
Echo sad Complaints, and cast a dismal Sound?
The Trees look black, their blooming Liveries cast,
And Show'rs of Leaves like Tears fall down in
(Haste.

The Birds forget their Notes, the Streams to run,
And low'ring Clouds o'ercast the fainting Sun:

* *She Dying just before the Peace was concluded in Autumn, 1697.*

The

128 *Miscellany* POEMS.

The whistling Winds to dismal Accents turn,
And Things inanimate in Concords mourn.
The Nymphs all pale, and with dischevell'd Hair
Do solemn Loads of sacred Cypress bear:
While some with *Viola's* adorn her Herse,
And sing her Fame in never dying Verses.

MENALCAS.

Dear *Mopsus*, tell the Shepherdess's Name,
I dread to know, yet hope 'tis not the same.

MOPSUS.

Oh thou! the only Swain who hast not heard
The sad Effect of what we long have fear'd:
Know'st thou not *Her* who conquer'd all the
(Swains,
The charming Goddess of th' *Arcadian* Plains?
For whom we languish'd all and pin'd in Vain,
We sigh'd, we dy'd, yet blest the pleasing Pain:
While she unmov'd did to the Shades resort,
And her lov'd Lambs around her made their Court,
'Twas thus she reign'd sole *Empress* of the Plains,
The Joy, yet Grief of all the youthful Swains:

Till

Miscellany POEMS. 129

Till *Corin's* Passion touch'd her tender Breast,
And *Hymen's* Rites the luckless *Union* blest :
Blest did I say? no rather curst that Hour,
Since from it's Date her Charms were robb'd of
(Pow'r,

And she has droop'd just like a fading Flower.
This ling'ring change her faithful *Nymphs* beheld,
And were with Sorrow and Amazement fill'd.
Each beg'd she wou'd admit of some Relief,
And by disclosing mitigate her Grief.

But she who knew Complaints were then too late,
In Silence nobly bore her rigid *Fate* :

And thus concealing of the fatal Dart,
It found immediate Passage to her Heart.

Now speak what can against my *Grief* be said,
Celia the Glory of our Plains is dead.

MENALCAS.

No! no, with you I mourn bright *Celia's* Fall :
But since our Sorrow can't her Life recal,
Let us no more with Tears her Fate bemoan,
Such female *Grief*, I'm sure she wou'd disown.

K

Oh!

130 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Oh ! that like you I could her *Worth* proclaim,
And in your Numbers celebrate her *Fame*,
I'd make the *Hills* and *Groves* resound her fra-
grant Name.

M O P S U S.

My Numbers flow unequal, and my Verse
Too mean to wait on noble *Celia's* Herse:
Yet since you knew her not so well as I,
To sing her *Praise* my artless *Muse* shall try.

M E N A L C A S.

Under yon' *Poplar* then let's take our Seat,
And by the purling Stream your Verse repeat

M O P S U S.

To her *Creator's* Will she did resign,
His Pow'r obey'd, but, *Death*, she conquer'd thine;
For her blest Soul unbodied nimbly flew
To *God* it's Maker, and it's Centre too:
Convoy'd by Angels thro' the starry Plain,
And by the full Choir met in heav'nly Strain:
Thus was she led to her celestial Seat,
In Angel Union and immensely great.

Oh

Miscellany POEMS. 131

Oh vast *Beatitude* ! Oh boundless *Bliss* !
 And thou blest *Soul* ! that dost partake of this ;
 Who wer't while here the Wonder of Mankind,
 Sublime your *Actions* were, your *Sense* refin'd ;
 Still like your self you mov'd in ev'ry *Sphere*,
 A duteous *Daughter*, tender *Sister* were :
 Indulgent *Parent*, chaste obliging *Wife*,
 A faithful *Friend*, and of unspotted *Life*.
 So humble, yet so nobly born as you,
 Your Sex and Quality produce but Few.
 How great's our Loss, how envious was our Fate,
 That thus our wishes did anticipate ?
 Transfer'd you hence to Bliss ev'n in your *Prime*,
 I wou'd—but dare not say before your Time.
 Farewel thou best of *Women* Heaven's Choice !
 While Life remains, with mournful Heart and
 (Voice,
 We must of our invidious Fate complain,
 And mourn our Loss, altho' we mourn in vain.

MENALCAS.

You've given the lovely *Shepherdes* her Due :

MOPsus.

Oh no! this is not Half, but yet 'tis true,
 Last night I walk'd amongst the *Tombs* alone,
 And thought I saw this writ upon her Stone,
 You that now rudely trample o'er the Dead,
 Consider on whose sacred *Dust* you tread:
 The Ground is hallow'd all, and does enfold
 No common Corps, nor one of vulgar Mould:
 But all that's *Virtuous, Noble, Good, and Great,*
 All did conspire fair *Celia* to compleat.

MENALCAS.

Ah gentle *Mopsus*! don't give over yet,
 'Twill be this Hour before the Sun is set:
 I hung my Ears with Wonder on your Tongue,
 And lost my self while you bright *Celia* sung.
 Such Charms are in her Name ev'n tho' she's gone,
 That I cou'd ever *bear* and ne'er have done.

MOPsus.

Excuse me *Shepherd* if I now give o'er,
 My grief o'erwhelms me, and I can no more:

To

Miscellany POEMS. 133

To my low rural Lays she did encline,
And graciously accepted what was mine.
Oh pity then! th' unhappiest of all *Swains*!
Since bright *Cecilia's* dead the Glory of the Plains!



S O N G.

To Lady P A K I N G T O N.

K I N D Sleep the fair *Idea* brought,
To bless my longing Sight;
But cruel Dream, as swift as Thought
It vanish'd with the Night.

II.

Tho' charming was each single Grace,
The Visage mild and clear,
Yet was the lovely winning Face
To none but me severe.

III.

Forbear bright *Nymph*, I then complain'd,
To arm your murdering Eyes!
Nor torture with unjust Disdain
A willing Sacrifice.

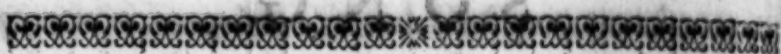
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IV. Re-

134 *Miscellany* POEMS.

IV.

Reserve these wonder-working Darts,
For such as slight your Chain,
But spare those loyal Subjects Hearts,
Which own your lawful Reign.



TO BASINA.

S Hou'd I tell my *Basina* what Luck I have had,
She'd conclude I was either romantick or
(mad!
For surely such Loads of impertinent Ware,
Don't usually fall to one Animal's Share,
The *Subject* and *Style* are both dull I declare it,
Yet as you're a *Friend* you must patiently bear it:
For why shou'd I silently cherish my Grief,
When you are oblig'd to contribute Relief.

To proceed then in *Order* my Troubles to shew,
I'll wave the prime Visit, for Precedence due,
And begin with a wonderful primitive Blade,
Who tho' *noble by Birth*, yet writes for a Trade:

He

Miscellany POEMS. 135

He dresses in Print, and his Features are fine,
Which by Help of *Cosmeticks*, most radiantly
Shine.

Yet he scorns all Perfume, except Essence of Toes,
And diffuses a Sickness wherever he goes.

But not to detain you with more of this Creature,
Whose languishing Eyes express his good Nature:

I'll give you his Picture in Miniature drawn,
Exact to the Life, tho' before he was born,

" *Suffenus* * whom you know, the witty,

" The gay the talkative and pretty:

" And all his Wonders to rehearse,

" The Thing which writes a World of Verse.

" I'm certain I should not belie him,

" To say he has some Thousands by him.

" Yet none deform'd with critick Blot,

" Or wrote on Vellum to rub out.

" Royal Paper, scarlet Strings,

" Gilded Backs, and such fine Things:

" But when you read 'em, then the witty,

" The gay *Suffenus* and the pretty;

* *Out of* CATULLUS.

K 4

" Is

[136] *Miscellany* POEMS.

" Is the dullest heaviest Clown,

" So alter'd he can scarce be known,

" Strange that he, who but just now,

" Cou'd so flatter cringe and bow,

" Shou'd be so ungentile a Wight,

" Whenever he attempts to write.

" And yet the Wretch is ne'er so pleas'd,

" As when he's with this Madness seiz'd.

This Mirrour of *Bards* (you must know by the
(Way)

After seventy Moons came a Visit to pay;

But I found it was more to my Books than my self,

For he wanted to borrow the best on the Shelf.

I said I'd not venture one Book out of Sight,

But I'd lend him a Pen, if he pleas'd for to write.

My motion accepted, the *Poet* sat down,

But instead of transcribing, commended his own.

" Look Madam, quoth he, what a cursed Tran-
(slation,

" Old *Jack* was the tediousst Dog in the Nation,

" Here's two Lines of *Virgil* spun out into seven,

" And five of the *Latin* drawn into eleven.

" Oh

Miscellany POEMS. 137

Oh Phœbus! Oh Muses! what Fustian is here?

I'll have Patience no longer, no longer forbear;

But print my own Works to confute this damn'd
(Vice,

For my *Version's* exact, and *Expression* concise.

My Poem's Herbick, and the Bulk is so large,

'Twill cost me some Hundreds the Press to dis-
(charge,

Seven Years have I toil'd to make the Piece fine,

And labour'd more hard than a Slave in a Mine:

But now it is *perfect*, I'll bring it to Morrow

And read it you all—thought I, to my Sor-
(row.

To escape this Tormentor no Way cou'd I find,

Had not Fortune been more than expectedly kind.

For before the dread Hour he did me the Favour

To acquaint me his *Honour* was ill of a Feavour.

This News had scarce banish'd my former
(Affright,

When appear'd to my View a more terrible Spright,

With Countenance meagre, and amorous Eyes,

A dismal Complexion, and sable Disguise:

“ Oh

Who

138 *Miscellany Poems.*

Who sitting down by me with sorrowful Air,
 And Sighs which at once shew'd both Love and
 (Despair:
 Began a long Chat, and, in spite of the Weather,
 Held uninterrupted five Hours together:
 I pretended to sleep, and seem'd tired enough,
 But the Nymph being Proof against any Rebuff,
 From my Chair to the Window I carelessly flung,
 In hopes to be safe from the Shot of her Tongue;
 Yet her *shrill second Treble* still merrily rung.
 She complain'd she was *Deaf*, I had with'd my self
 (such
 But that I concluded the Ransome too much:
 So I patiently bore what I cou'd not avoid,
 Till one Story my Faculty *passive* destroy'd.
 Good Madam *Colindra*, (for so was she hight)
 Is there none that expect you at Supper to Night?
 " *That I am not engag'd upon Honour is true,*
 " *But were I, there's none that shou'd draw me*
 (from you
 Alas then sigh'd I! 'tis most surely my Fate
 To be prated to Death, either early or late.

How

Miscellany POEMS. 139

However, one Project I'll try for my Life,
And if that does miscarry, I'll yield without
(Strife.

To bring her on Part of her Way, was my Proffer;
Nor could she refuse so courteous an Offer.

I led her, indeed, thro' Streets but a few,
Before I pretended I'd somewhat to do——

"I'm idle, quoth she, and will guard you from
(Danger.

Oh Madam! forbear, I mayn't carry a Stranger;
The Lady is sick, and you know such Occasions
Permit none to visit but *Friends and Relations*.

At Length with much seeming Regret we did part,
And if I may guess, 'twas with sorrowful Heart,
For I strictly took Care, not to give an Occasion
Of naming your *Curate*, or venting her *Passion*.

To divert this *Fatigue*, and unbend my dull
(Mind,

I then paid my Respects to the Lady design'd;
Whose *Virtue*, good *Humour*, and elegant *Wit*,
Might atone for all Faults that her Sex can commit:

But,

140 *Miscellany* POEMS.

But, alas ! I found with her a *voluble* Creature,
Who'd Abundance of Wit, but a World of All
(Nature

Her Talent was *Railing*, she us'd it at Will,
And Nature supply'd the Deficiency of Skill.

As a Pipe that's unstop'd lets out Water with
(Force

So fast ran her Words, so impetuous their Course
From *Prince* unto *Peasant*, from *Dutchess* to *Citt*

Not one could be nam'd, but made Sport for her
(Wit

Their Intrigues, howe'er private, expos'd to our
(View

And the secret *Memoirs* of each Family knew.

Having rallied the Living, she set on the Dead,

And without e'er a Book, whole Paragraphs read

From *Plato* and *Plutarch*, from *Sidney* and *Bacon*

And *Utopia* it self to Pieces was taken :

From thence she proceeded to sonorous Verse,

And for three tedious Hours did nought but re
(hear

For her *Garb*, and her *Mein*, bespoke Silence
(due

And her Countenance look'd of a cholerick Hue.

Th

Miscellany POEMS. 141

The Lady, my Friend, seem'd uneasy as I,
And Abundance of *Motions* and *Looks* did we try;
But while she repeated, she'd take no Denial,
And the *Duce* of a Pause would she make for a
(Trial.
Having tired our Patience, at last she got up,
Releas'd our poor Ears, and adjust'd her Crup;
And then with a swift diving Curt'sey and Bow,
Swum out of the Parlour, we scarcely knew how.
To tell you the Truth, I staid little behind,
For I knew not what other Mishaps I might find;
But with Wings at my Heels, to my Home I made
(Haste,
And resolve to keep close, 'till the Danger is past:
For 'tis plain, my *cross Stars*, an ill Influence shed,
And malevolent Beams are now aim'd at my Head.



To

To the Reverend and Learned Dr.
THOMAS SMITH, *on his Life*
of Cyrillus Lucaris: His Power
of God: His Certainty of a Fu-
ture State: And his Life of St.
Mary Magdalen of Pazzi.

TOO faithful Pastor! still exert thy Skill,
 Nor let the thankless World *suspend* thy Will
 In Teaching saving Knowledge, you delight,
 And your *blest Life* explains the Truths you *write*
 The great LUCARIS, nobly you defend,
 Right his much injur'd *Fame*, and tragick *End*.
 Expose Rome's crafty Juggling, to their Shame,
 And piously his Martyrdom proclaim.
 He, rais'd by you, triumphant does revive,
 And in your Works shall Time it self survive.

Such And pard

Such is your Zeal, your charitable Care,
The much wrong'd Dead you from Asperſion
clear,

And thoſe that are alive for Death prepare.
Which *Future State*, you teach us here below,
And make us by a Demonſtration know.
So plain your Proofs, ſo adequate to Senſe,
Atheiſts and *Deiſts* ſure muſt want Pretence:
And fully ſatiſfied, no more deny,
Or doubt th' Exiſtence of a *Deity*.

But wond'ring at their Error, now with Fear
Confels their Maker, and his Pow'r revere.
If this, and more, is owing to your Care,
And Principalities in Heaven are,
As ſure, the *Pious* have no Cauſe to fear,
How eminent, great Sir! then muſt you be,
In the celeſtial glorious *Hierarchy*.

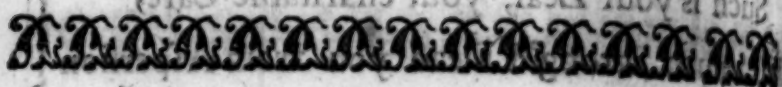
Ah! then, whiſt here, don't thus your ſelf
(exclude,

Nor hide a Star of the firſt *Magnitude*:

But let your Voice your poor Diſciples bleſs,

And pardon this too confident *Address*.

To



To a certain **LADY.**

FAIR lovely *Fiend*, no more disguise
 The Temper of thy Mind,
 Nor think by specious *Smiles* and *Lies*,
 To banter Humane Kind.

II.

Tho' long, the fine *Deceit* has past
 By your well-acted Care :
 The Time will surely come at last,
 Shall prove you *false*, as *fair*.

III.

Shall prove, that *Earth*, nor *Hell* contains
 A Soul more black than thine ;
 More blotted with ingrateful Stains,
 Or charg'd with worse Design.

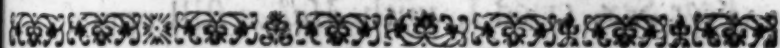
IV. Yet

IV.

Yet Oh! with what a winning Grace,
Each Accent you convey:
How soft your *Words*, how kind your *Face*,
When most you would *betray*!

V.

So, the curs'd *Serpent* did ascend,
And like her *Honour* smil'd;
So, he put on the *Mask of Friend*,
And heedless *Eve* beguil'd.



To the Lady CHUDLEIGH,
The Anonymous Author of the *Lady's*
Defence.

MADAM,

LONG since we heard of One, who mighty
(wise,
Would needs pretend to give us *sage Advice*;
The pompous Title Page I view'd with Awe,
And thought he might expound the *sacred Law*;

L.

Inform

146 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Inform our *Minds*, mysterious *Precepts* clear,
 And by good Rules our future Conduct steer:
 But when I found, instead of *Truth's* divine,
Malignant Humour lurk'd in ev'ry Line,
 Each Period void of *Charity* and *Sense*,
 Yet varnish'd over with the dull Pretence;
 'Twas then, with just *Disdain* and *Anger* fir'd,
 I to a lonesome gloomy Shade retir'd;
 Wishing I could some happy Means invent,
 Which might betimes the *Moral Plague* prevent.

Poor Sex, cried I, with *Malice* still oppress,
 By *Knaves*, and *Fools*, on ev'ry Side *distress*!
 Long have we drag'd a servile heavy Chain,
 Yet were our Souls too noble to complain:
 For *Quiet Sake*, we own'd the barb'rous Sway,
 And tamely did their rigid Laws obey.
 Such mild Submission, gen'rous *Minds* would own,
 But *savage Men* are not with Mildness won;
 Our *Duty* cannot calm their brutal Rage,
 Nor silent *Virtue*, Thirst of Rule assuage.

Rise!

Rise!
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Miscellany POEMS. 147

Rise ! Rise ye *Heroins*, secure the Field,
Truth be your Guide, and *Innocence* your Shield ;
Confute the Maxims of these sordid Tools,
And make them know, we follow *Virtue's* Rules.
Crush but this Hope forlorn of hireling Wit,
The num'rous *Rebel Fry* will soon submit.

What ! all asleep !

No gen'rous Soul with noble *Ardour* fir'd,
No free-born *Muse* with Sense of *Wrong* inspir'd ?
Not one *Zenobia* to maintain our *Right*,
And meet their *Champion* in an equal Fight.
Oh were my *Power* but equal to my *Will*,
In lifted Combat would I prove my Skill ;
This infant *Muse* her callow Wings should try,
" And bravely Conquer, or as bravely Die.

Ye Pow'rs above, some worthy Mind inspire,
Let *Truth* advance, and *Calumny* retire.
This said, with Wrongs and Insolence oppress'd,
A balmy Slumber lull'd my Mind to rest.

When Lo ! a sudden Voice I heard,
And looking up, a youthful Swain appear'd.

148 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Awake, cry'd he, shake off this dull Despair,
 For I O *Pears*, let thy Muse prepare:
 See here, what Wonders *Eloquence* can do,
 When join'd with *Harmony* and *Beauty* too:
 Whilst thou in lazy Wishes pass'd the Day,
 And sigh'd ingloriously thy Time away,
 This gen'rous Nymph in *Action* spoke her Mind,
 She *came*, she *saw*, and *gain'd* what she design'd:
 By dint of *Reason*, she your Foes *subdues*,
 See how they trembling fly, and *she alone* pursues.

Marissa Hail! hail *Eloquence* divine!

What solid *Judgment* sparkles in each Line!
 What *strenuous* Proofs in ev'ry Period shine!
 With such Success the happy *Goal* you reach,
 Not *Wisdom's self* could better Lessons teach;
 Could more impartially the Case decide,
 And solve the Doubts that rose on either Side.

Fly! brutal Wretches fly! no more proclaim
 Your want of *Candour*, and your Love of *Shame*:
 No more the Foibles of the Sex explore,
 But own the Force of *Virtue's* sovereign Pow'r:

Let

Miscellany POEMS. 149

Let bright *Marissa*! now your Rage disarm, I
Whose Eyes are Darts, whose ev'ry Word's a
(Charm.)

He said——

Yet I delay'd the *Blessing* to receive,
And scarcely could the welcome News believe:
Wav'ring I stood, with *Hope* and *Fear* oppress'd,
Such diff'rent Passions strove within my Breast;
Lest he had utter'd more than was your *Due*,
For sure I thought it could not all be true.

Forgive this *Doubt*; my Error soon I found,
And was in Wonder and Amazement drown'd;
Such *Wit*, and *Learning*, shin'd in ev'ry Part;
Such serious *Piety*, so free from Art:
Entranc'd with *Joy*, I found his Words were true,
And freely own'd, he scarce had spoke your *Due*.
'Twas then in rural Notes I sung your Fame;
'Twas then I blest'd our fair *Defender's* Name.
But while in artless, humble Lays, I strove
To express my *Duty*, *Gratitude*, and *Love*;

L 3

I heard

150 *Miscellany* POEMS.

I heard a joyful Murmur eccho round,
And all the beauteous Quire *Marissa's* Name
(resound,

To the Lady CHUDLEIGH,
On Printing Her Excellent POEMS.

M A D A M,

COULD I the Wonders of your *Pen* rehearse,
In Notes, as sweet, and lofty as your *Verse*,
With eager Haste I would this Volume meet,
And pay my *duteous* *Homage* at your Feet.
Extol your great, your generous Design,
And praise the *Beauties* of each sparkling Line:
Show, with what solid Pleasures they delight,
How *Wit*, and *Learning*, in your Works unite:
With what illustrious Charms you *Friendship*
(drefs,
And slighted *Virtue's* lovely Form exprefs.
What pious *Zeal*, your sacred Lines inspire,
And how you raise our Souls with true *Seraphick*
(Fire,
But

Miscellany POEMS. 151

But oh! too Conscious of the Want of Art,
I dare not write the Dictates of my Heart;
Lest my unskilful *Muse* should rudely praise
A *Theam*, deserving of the noblest Lays,

An ANSWER to some Verses
written by Mr. UVEDALE.

NO more with *Syllogisms* try
To prove blind *Love* a Deity:
Love has no Pow'r to win the Field,
But when we tamely please to yield.
And those tremendous *Darts* and *Bow*,
Which flatt'ring *Poets* did bestow,
Are not for Service, but for Show. }
Mere *Jargon* of the chiming Tribe,
Who first invent, and then describe.
That mighty Pow'r, by which he rules,
Was feign'd by superstitious Fools,
Who wanted *Reason's* clearer Day,
To chase their *Passions* Clouds away:

152 *Miscellany* POEMS.

And had not Sense to find the Cheat,
For *Love*, and *Reason*, seldom meet,

So *Witches* exercise their Will,
And tim'rous *passive* Creatures kill ;
But never found so strong a Charm,
That could *undaunted Spirits* harm,

In vain you strive ! to make me fear
Predictions, which will ne'er appear,
On native Strength I still rely,
And undisturb'd with *Love* will die,
For know, I can no more believe
My quiet *Breast* shall *Love* receive ;
That he from *Heart*, to *Heart* does stalk,
Than you can fancy *Ghosts* do walk.

Ah ! let not *free-born Souls* give way
To such an arbitrary Sway ;
Nor Idolize one *Passion's* Name,
When all the Rest have equal Claim,
Fear might as well a *Godship* have, as this ;
And *Hate*, demand an *Apotheosis*.

To the Lady PAKINGTON at
the Bath; with these POEMS
in Manuscript.

SINCE you such kind *Commands* are pleas'd
(to send,
And bless me with the charming Name of *Friend*:
How can I longer with your Will dispute?
No, *Madam*! know, your Pow'r is *absolute*.
So kindly you, for all my *Fears* provide,
What Faults the *Critick* sees, the candid *Friend*
(will hide,

Once did I wish this Visit you'd excuse,
And spare the Blushes of a *conscious Muse*,
Who fear'd before such Judgment to appear,
And dreads that *Justice* which she should revere:
A *Judgment*, which does all with Awe surprize,
And *Wit*, as pow'rful, as your conqu'ring Eyes.
Ah! let me freely then, this Truth confess,
I can't *admire* you more, nor would *adore* you less.

On

On the Death of JOHN TANNER
Esq; Member for Grampond in
Cornwall.

CLOSE by the Margin of a silver Flood,
There stands a lofty venerable Wood;
Where many of both Sexes daily walk,
For Contemplation some, and some for Talk.
Hither *Cornelia* did with me repair,
And whilst we prais'd the Calmness of the Air,
Nature, methought, did for a Change prepare.
The glorious *Sun* his quick'ning *Beams* withdrew,
And blust'ring *Boreas* solemn *Breezes* blew:
Sweet *Philomel* began a doleful Strain,
And shapeless *Echo* did again complain:
The feather'd Quire sad Anthems chant around,
The Hills, and Vales, the doleful Noise resound.
A sudden Horrour! both our Souls inspir'd,
The Cause we fear'd, the wond'rous Signs admir'd.

When

When
Silemus,
No verda
Nor Pan
But clad
And silen
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And Nym
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Eliza!
And see
Unmov'd
Th' adop
Know th
Midas a

Miscellany POEMS. 155

When Lo ! young *Bacchus* with his Train ap-
(pear'd,

Silenus, *Midas*, and the Rustick Herd :—

No verdant *Ivy* circled in his Head,

Nor *Panther's* Skin was o'er his Shoulders spread.

But clad in *Black*, he slowly march'd before,

And silently express'd the Grief he bore.

Next came a *Velvet Hearse* adorn'd with *Ew*,

Which Six most beauteous fable *Horses* drew,

And wept, as if their *Master's* Death they knew.

The mourning *Swains* in Crouds assisted there,

And *Nymphs*, and *Satyrs*, did conclude the Rear.

Then up I stepp'd, of one who lagg'd behind,

Ask'd, for whom was that *Pomp of Wo* design'd ?

Eliza ! Ha cried *She* ! canst thou stand by,

And see him dead without a weeping Eye ?

Unmov'd, canst thou behold *Gramponio's* End,

Th' adopted *Brother* ! and thy *Father's* Friend ?

Know then, by yonder * *Fountain* in that Shade,

Midas a noble Computation made,

* *The Fountain Tavern in the Strand.*

And

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Miscellany POEMS. 155

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* *The Fountain Tavern in the Strand.*

And

And thither good *Gramponio* did invite,
 The fatal Time, alas, was Yesternight!
 He came—and in the Middle of the Feast—
 Enough, said I, you shall omit the rest:
 To my dull Grotto, will I now return,
 And in sad Numbers for *Gramponio* mourn.

SYLVIA'S Disaster.

WHEN *Theseus* *Ariadne* left
 On *Naxia's* healthful Shoar,
 Kind *Bacchus* soon the *Nymph* reliev'd,
 And bid *Her* weep no more,

II.

But when *Philafter*, *Sylvia* left
 On *Hamma's* flatt'ring Coast,
 To *Savage* Beasts a trembling Prey,
 She'd no such Help to boast.

III.

With hideous Cries, their *Den's* forsook,
 They rang'd the *Forest* round;
 And sable Night which then approach'd,
 Encreas'd the dismal Sound.

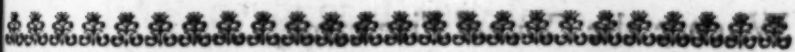
IV. Ye

IV.

Yet they, more humane far than he,
Are touch'd with *Sylvia's* Moan ;
They dance, and howl, to charm her Grief,
And gently guard her Home.

V.

O Powers ! what Alteration has
A few poor Ages made,
Since God-like Men our Wrongs redrest,
But now, alas ! by them oppress,
We fly to *Beasts* for Aid.



NE PLUS ULTRA.

Occasion'd by reading BURNET and
WHISTON's Theories. Inscrib'd
to the Reverend and Learned Mr.
THOMAS KIMPSON.

SO let our *Virtuoso's* pore,
And th' Idol of the Schools adore :
Let

158 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Let them this *Earth's* Foundations lay
 By *Atoms*, or some other Way ;
 Assign to ev'ry Thing a Cause,
 By *Epicure's* mechanick Laws :
 The Bounds of *Nature's* Power shew,
 With what she *can*, and *cannot* do.
 Whence the *Moon*, and how the *Sun*,
 From the *Chaotick* Mass begun :
 How *Planets* by Refraction glance,
 And in the *Solar* System Dance :
 How *Comet's* Tail involv'd *this Earth*,
 And gave the fatal *Deluge* Birth.
 Whence the *Central* Fire came,
 And how 'twill melt the World in *Flame* :
 Out of its *Ashes* raise a new,
 And teach what *Millenarians* do.
 Thus, let these mighty *Gnosticks* Jarr,
 And raise an *Hypothetick* War ;
 In vain they strive ! in vain they try !
 T' explore the Cause with humane Eye :
 A *Power* ! uncircumscrib'd by Fate,
 Or *statick* Laws did all create :

A Power

A Power
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Miscellany POEMS. 159

A Power, *Just, Wise, Omnipotent, Immense,*
Incomprehensible by finite Sense,
Produc'd th' *Effects*, the *Causes* understood,
He view'd the Structure, and pronounc'd it *Good*.
Here rest, my busy Thoughts! inquire no more,
The *Work* admire! the *Architect* adore!



On Mr. MORELAND's Paintings,
Extempore.

WELL may the *Sceptick's* love Suspence,
And doubt of all they see;
Since *Moreland* leaves us no Defence
For Sense's Certainty.

Moving Figures, living Paint,
Sanguin Warmth, and piercing Eyes;
Lips that speak, and Breasts that pant,
Seize us with a just *Surprize*.

Oh *Moreland*! could my Numbers match thy
(Fame,
Greece should no more boast her *Apelles* Name:

Nor

160 *Miscellany POEMS.*

Nor *Italy*, for *Titian* make Pretence,
But both should yield to thy *Prebeminence*.



*On the Death of Her Honoured
Friend THOMAS STRODE Esq
Serjeant at Law.*

THAT *fatal Night* alone I sate,
Nor howling *Dog*, or murmuring *Wind*,
Did interrupt my calm *Retreat*,
But *Time* slid unperceiv'd as *Fate*,
And quiet as my *Mind*.
My *Soul* abstract from worldly *Thought*,
On nobler *Speculations* wrought,
Nor envy'd *Wealth*, or *State*,
Th' *Enjoyments* of the *Great* :
But thus of my lov'd *Solitude* possest,
I with the *Dead* by *Turns*, and with my self
(*convers'd*.)

II.

When Lo ! a sudden *Voice* I heard,
And looking up, appear'd

A *Hea*

Miscellany POEMS. 161

A heav'nly Form, all fair and bright,

Clad in empireal Light :

A Branch of *Palm* his Right-hand bore,
And on his Head a *radiant Crown* he wore.

'Tis done ! 'tis done, cry'd he, *Palemon's* come !

Rejoice on Earth with Us above,

And praise th' *Almighty Love*,

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! *Palemon's* come !

A welcome Guest to his *celestial Home*.

III.

Ah me, sigh'd I, and is *Palemon* dead,

Who then must Wrongs redress ;

Or who assist the Fatherless ?

For *Palemon* was truly good,

And practis'd more than Others understood :

How zealously he'd plead the *Pauper's* Cause,

And for their Sake expound the Nation's Laws ?

Too partial Fates ! is this your Method still,

To spare the Wicked, and the *Righteous* kill ?

Alas ! we have but few Exemplars here,

And soon as known, so soon they disappear :

M

The

162 *Miscellany* POEMS.

The *wise* ! the *just* ! the *good Palamon's* dead !
And with him all our *Joys*, our *Hopes*, and Com-
(*forts fled.*

IV.

Too full for Speech, I rested here and sigh'd !
When the bright Youth with Anger thus re-
(plied,
Thou foolish *Maid* ! tempt not the Pow'r's Di-
(vine,

But to the Great *Creator's* Will resign :
Think'st thou thy finite Sense can comprehend
The vast Decrees of Fate,
Or that 'tis fitting here below,
Thou should'st the *final Causes* know,
Of thy terrestrial State ?
Heav'n is not partial ; thy bold Words forbear,
Nor let thy Sorrows drive Thee to Despair :
We know he was all thou hast said, and more,
And therefore fitter for that *Bliss*,
To which he now exalted is,
And in bright Vision sees that God,
Which here he did adore.

V. His

* Sir C
at Law.

V.

His *Fame* shall to succeeding Times survive,
And in great * *Varrus* he remains alive ;

Varrus ! the elder *Palæmon*,
For sure, I think, their Souls were *One*,
One undistinguish'd Flame, till sent
Into a sep'rate Tenement :

Yet there the *Thoughts*, and *Wills*, were *One*,
A true fraternal Union.

And gen'rous *Varrus*, since his Friend is gone,
Performs the same good Acts *Palæmon* would
(have done.

Cease then your Grief, and with us sing
A Hymn to *God* our King ;

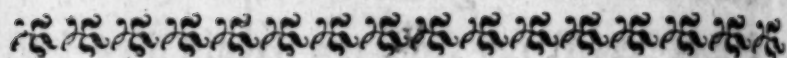
Praise his *Mercy*, praise his *Love* !

Who died to save,

Palæmon from the Grave,

And purchas'd with his Blood, a Seat for him
(aboye.

* Sir GEORGE STRODE his Brother, also Serjeant
at Law.



An Occasional Epistle to STREPHON.

ACCUSE no more, oh gentle *Swain* !
 The *Nymphs* of Coldness or Disdain:
 Nature does sure inverted grow ;
 Let Streams then to their Fountains flow,
 Let *Men* stand off, and *Maids* make Love,
 Stars in excentrick *Orbits* move :
 Let *Beggars* rule, and *Lords* go plow,
 For *Nymphs* more gentle are, than *Thou* !
Thou ! who couldst rigidly deny
 A *Matron's* grave Society.

Were she like me, she would resent
 The poor evasive Complement ;
 And for such bold affronting Action,
 Demand an ample Satisfaction :
 And so she will without Dispute,
 For *Women's* Wrongs are seldom mute.

She

Miscellany POEMS. 165

She says, " You are a *Recreant-Knight*,

" And not old *Dryden's Gentlest-wight*;

" And for your rich inviting Lady,

" 'Tis all as false ! as false as may be :

" For had you been engag'd that Time,

" You'd ne'er have staid to measure Rhime ;

" Nay, tarried by the Clock whole Hours,

" Avenge this Slight, ye juster Pow'rs !

Hold, Madam ! Hold ! beseech you, said I,

He might not disappoint a Lady,

Whom he to *Wedlock* would confine,

And you on him have no Design.

As for his Stay, I grant it true ;

But 'twas in mere Revenge for you :

Nor could he 'scape without a Sin,

When spiteful I had lock'd him in.

To pick a Lock, or break a Door,

Might cause a Fate, you would deplore :

But were't to dance in *Cheese-cake Basket*,

I'm sure he'd do't, as soon as asked.

166 *Miscellany* POEMS.

And pass them with such tender Skips,

" *As if he trod on Lover's Lips.*"

Well, 'tis as good as Meat or Drink,

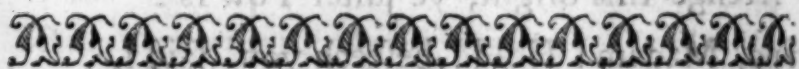
On the next Interview to think ;

How you will cringe, and she will look,

As if you both were Planet struck.

Each eager to revenge their Pain,

Yet neither willing to complain.



To King WILLIAM.

*Occasionally Written on the Reading
of a Libel, which begun with this
Couplett.*

" *Hail happy William thou art strangely Great,*

" *But was't thy Virtue caus'd it, or thy Fate ? &c,*

Dread SIR,

THAT you are stil'd illustriously Great,

Is owing to your *Virtue*, not your *Fate* :

Virtue was your Ascendant, 'tis your Guide,

Your sacred Guard, by which you're fortified.

Virtue,

Miscellany POEMS. 167

Virtue, with *Valour*, ever were your Aim;
By those alone you *saw*, and *overcame*.

When yet but young, Heav'n try'd what you
(could do,
It saw your Conduct, and approv'd it too;
And long 'ere we the *Bliss* possess'd, we saw
The youthful *Prince*, keep the proud *King* in Awe;
Saw the fierce *Tyrant* tremble at your Name,
And burst with Envy at your spreading *Fame*:
Dread your approaching Greatness, then in view,
And think what injur'd Innocence might do:
When *England's King*, and arm'd with royal
(Might,
You should no more in Vain demand your Right.

These Thoughts drove guilty *Lewis* to Despair,
And for a future *Armament* prepare:
To *Britain* then he does for Succour fly,
And we no wiser on his Faith rely;
* Lend him *Ships*, *Money*, our best *Workmen* too,
Teach him to fight against our selves, and you.

* In the Dutch War.

168 *Miscellany* POEMS.

But he! ingrateful he, forgets the Cause,
 Deludes our Princes to subvert our Laws:
 His *Politicks* are soon approv'd, and they
 Yield to his Methods, him alone obey,
 And introduce an Arbitrary Sway.
 Laws, *old* and *new*, were strain'd the King to
 (serve,
 Juries were pack'd, Judges from Justice swerve;
 Our *Patriot Bishops* to the *Tow'r* were sent,
 And *Thoughts* were then held worth a Punishment.
Irish, like *Egypt's* Locusts, came in Swarms,
 Crouded our *Streets*, and fill'd us with Alarms:
 Then o'er the Land this Rumour spreads, prepare
 Not for *Dragoons*, but for a *Massacre*!

Those Days, methought, were dismal Times
 of Wo,
 But *Heav'n* unlook'd for Blessings did bestow;
 Sent you, dread Sir, to buoy our sinking State,
 And raise *Britania* almost desperate.

But when our Statesmen your Arrival heard,
 And how the People all for you declar'd;

Then

Miscellany POEMS. 169

Then were they stricken with a pannick Fear,
Which still increas'd as you approach'd more near.
Like Syria's Camp, swift as the Wind they flew,
Tho' our Deliverer was not then in View.

By Night, their Dreams, foretold they were un-
(done,

From broken Sleeps they start, prepar'd to run.

Cry, where's the Prince? how far is he from
Town?

Help, help Disguise, that I may pass unknown.

Confounded doubly thus with Guilt and Fear,

They run, they fly, you know not how nor
(where.

Some lurk in Holes, and others sneak away,

As Owls and Batts, abscond at Sight of Day.

Not Alexander, nor fam'd Caesar too,

Tho' both were Heroes, could compare with You:

They, but faint Shadows were of your Renown,

In them the Plan was laid, 'tis you the Story
(crown.

How at the Boyne you fought, surviving Fame

Shall to succeeding Ages still proclaim.

What

What noble Courage at *Namur* was shown!
 What Conduct there in former Fights unknown!
 When 'mongst the *Bombs*, and murd'ring *Cannon*
 Expos'd your *Royal-Self*, nor once withdrew.
 Intrepid, you by hissing *Bullets* stood,
 Amidst an Hurricane of *Fire* and *Blood*:
 Whilst they around your *sacred Person* fly,
 Yet touch'd not, aw'd by careful *Destiny*.
 Astonish'd *Boufflers*, this with Wonder saw!
 And tim'rous *Villeroy* was struck with Awe;
 His panting *Statues*, petrified with Dread,
 Appear'd like *Cepheus* 'fore the *Gorgon's Head*.
 Close in their Camp your *Valour* they beheld,
 Whilst all around you plant fresh *Lawrels* in the
 (Field

The *Gallick Monarch*, tir'd with Wars alarms,
 Now begs your Friendship, and desists from Arms
 His Stores exhausted, and his Treasures spent,
 To sue for Peace, proud *Lewis* is content.
 And you, tho' crown'd with *Lawrels* and Success
 Your People's Father might I thus express:

Yet to prevent th' Effusion of more Blood,
Are pleas'd to hear of Peace for *Europe's* Good,
The *Dawn* already seems on us to smile,
And Plenty comes again to bless our *Isle*,
Then, when in Peace, Great *William* we possess,
Our Wishes cannot frame more perfect Happiness,

On the Stoick PHILOSOPHY.

YE *Stoicks* ! say without Pretence,
Whence springs your famous *Indolence* ?

Ist from a Principle divine ?

Or but a Notion superfine ?

II.

If *Self-existent* in the Mind

It were not to one *Set* confin'd,

All humane Kind the Gift would share,

And never know, or *Love*, or *Care*.

III.

But if a *Cobweb* of the Brain,

Impossibilities to feign ?

Maugre the *Jargon* of the *Schools*,

You are but *hypocritick* Fools.

IV. Who

IV.

Who vainly boast, and proudly dare,
Yet at the best, but Mortals are ;
And subject to the like Surprize
Of *Passions* and *Infirmities*.

V.

For while we *Humane Bodies* own,
Humane Passions will be shown ;
And all your fancied *Apathy*,
Is but a specious Fallacy.

VI.

When touch'd with *Love's* superiour Force,
Philosophy's a vain Recourse :
Demosthenes did *Love* pursue,
And *Plato* had his *Nymph* in view.

VII.

Love's wond'rous Pow'r all must obey,
And soon or late confests his Sway :
But never ! never yet was found
From *Love*, or *Death*, a second Wound.

VIII. The

VIII.

The *Heart* once touch'd can love no more,
Mistaken Choice it may deplore:
But freed from *Love's* tyrannick Chain,
It unmolested will remain.

IX.

Sense and *Int'rest* *Love* disarm,
Sympathy's the only Charm,
Like *Lutes* tun'd up to *Unison*,
They are no longer Two, but One.

X.

If Pain, the absent Part does seize,
The other Half can find no Ease:
Ob *Love* ! Ob *Harmony* Divine !
Where *Sympathy* the Souls combine.

XI.

Each others *Thoughts* by Instinct shown,
Their Wills by *Intuition* known:
What Wonders could my *Pen* rehearse,
Of such angelical *Converse*?

Epistle

Epistle to CLEMENA.

*Occasioned by an Argument she had
maintain'd against the AUTHOR.*

THOU' you my Resolution still accuse,
And for *Misanthrophy* condemn the Muse;
Still finding Fault with what I most commend,
And lose good Humour in the Name of *Friend*;
Yet if these pettish Heats you lay aside,
And by calm *Reason* let the *Cause* be try'd.
I make no Question, but it would appear,
You had no Cause to *boast*, nor I to *fear*.

For when two bind themselves in Marriage
(Bands

Fidelity in each, the *Church* commands;
Equal's the Contract, equal are the Vows,
Yet Custom, diff'rent Licences allows:
The *Man* may range from his unhappy *Wife*,
But *Woman's* made a Property for *Life*.

Miscellany POEMS. 175

To no dear *Friend* the Grief may be reveal'd,
No, the poor Soul, must keep her Shame conceal'd:
And, to the Height of doating Folly grown,
Believe her *Husband's* Character her own.

So have I seen a lovely beauteous *Maid*,
By *Duty* forc'd, by *Interest* betray'd,
Reign her self into *Nesario's* Arms,
And make the sordid Wretch sole Master of her
(Charms.

With seeming Transport he the Bliss receives,
With seeming Gratitude, rich Presents gives:
The finest *Brillants* thro' the Town are sought,
The costliest *Liv'ries* for her Servants bought;
The richest *Tissues* for her self to wear,
And nothing that she lik'd could purchas'd be
(too dear.

But 'ere the Sun his annual Course had run,
Or thrice three Moons with borrow'd *Lustre*
(shone;
The *Libertine* resum'd his brutal Life:
Oh! then how nauseous grew the Name of *Wife*.
Her Conversation, and her Charms were stale,
Nor *Wit* and *Beauty*, longer could prevail:

The

176 *Miscellany* POEMS.

The Night he turn'd to Day, the Day to Night,
Yet still uneasy in *Aminta's* Sight.

At two, perhaps, he condescends to rise,
Fetches a Yawn or two, and rubs his Eyes:
Run, run, cries he, to Captain *Hackum's* straight,
And tell the Rakes, I for their Coming wait;
Be sure you bring the *Dogs*, and heark, d'ye hear,
Bid *Tom*, the *Butler*, in my Sight appear.

The hungry *Bravo's* to their Patron run,
And wonder that his *Levee* is so soon;
Bless me, says one, how well you look to Day,
T'other replies, ay, he may well look Gay,
When *Wine*, and *Women*, pass his Time away.
While Bus'ness other Mortals Peace destroys,
He gives his Soul a nobler Loose to Joys.
Enough, *Nefario* cries, sit down my Friends,
See where the sparkling *Burgundy* attends.
This *Wine* was sent from *France* but t'other Day,
And never yet in *Vintner's* Cellar lay.

Set in for Drinking thus, they each recite
The wonderful Atchievements of the Night.

One

Miscellany POEMS. 177

One tells how he did *Phillis* serenade,
Fought with the *Watch*, and made them run afraid:
While t'other shrugging cries, I chang'd my *Bed*,
And was in *Triumph* to the *Counter* led.
But if the *Town* does *Canes* enough afford,
I'll drub that *Rascal* where I bought my *Sword*.

Sated at last with fulsome *Lies* and *Wine*,
Nefario swears aloud, 'Tis *Dinner Time*.
Aminta 's call'd, and calmly down they sit,
But she not one poor Word or Look can get,
This *Meat* 's too salt, t'other 's too fresh, he cries,
And from the *Table* in a *Passion* flies:
Not, that his *Cook* is faulty in the least,
But 'tis the *Wife* that palls his squeamish *Taste*.

Well, after having ransack'd *Park* and *Play*,
He with some *hackney Vizor* sneaks away,
To fam'd *Pontack's*, or noted *Monfieur Locket's*,
Where Mrs. *Jilt*, as fairly picks his Pockets.
Thus bubbled, in *Revenge*, he walks his *Round*,
From *Loft* three *Stories* high, to *Cellar* under
Ground:

N

Scow'rs

178 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Scow'rs all the *Streets*, some Brother *Rake* doth
 And with a broken *Pate* concludes the *Night*.
 Or in some *Tavern* with the gaming *Grew*,
 He *drinks*, and *swears*, and *plays*, till *Day* doth
 (Night pursue

Mean while *Aminta* for his *Stay* doth mourn,
 And sends up pious *Vows* for his *Return* :
 Fears some *Mishap*, looks out at ev'ry *Noise*,
 And thinks each *Breath* of *Wind*, her dear *Nesfe*
 (rio's Voice
 At last the *Clock* strikes *Five*, and *Home* he comes
 And kicks the *spaniel* *Servants* thro' the *Rooms*;
 'Till he the lovely pensive *Fair* doth spy,
 Nor can she 'scape the *fordid Tyranny* :
 A thousand brutish *Names* to her he gives,
 Which the poor *Lady* patiently receives:
 A thousand *Imprecations* doth bestow,
 And scarcely can refrain to give th' impending
 (Blow
 'Till tir'd with *Rage*, and overcome with *Wine*,
 Dead drunk he falls, and snoring lies supine.

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Miscellany POEMS. 179

Wretched *Nesario* ! no Repentance shows,
But mocks those ills *Aminta* undergoes :
Ruin'd by him, with Pain she draws her Breath,
And still survives an *Evil worse than Death*.

Ah *Friend* ! in these deprav'd unhappy Times,
When *Vice* walks barefac'd, *Virtues* pass for
(Crimes :
Many *Nesario's* must we think to find,
Tho' not so bad as this, yet *Villains* in their Kind.
Hard is that Venture where our *All* we lose ;
But harder yet an honest Man to choose.

A Meditation on JOB, Chap. v.
Verse 7.

Inscrib'd to Mrs. GERTRUDE PHILLIPS.

ALAS ! poor animated Clay,
Why dost thou thus thy Peace betray ?
There's nothing here d serves thy Care,
One Hour we hope, the next despair :

180 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Vain *Ambition*, fordid *Treasure*,
Anxious *Thoughts*, and worldly *Pleasure*,
Make us present Objects choose,
And care to get, and fear to lose.

But these will prove, when understood,
Mistaken *Elements* of Good :

The only Center of our *Love*,
Our *Summum Bonum* dwells above :
The great *Creator* of the Whole,
Our *God*, our *Guide*, our *final End* :
And ev'ry *Motion* of the Soul

To him alone should tend.
By meditating on his *Ways*,
Our wretched Souls immers'd we raise,
And with our mental Eyes behold,
Delights, which are not to be told.
In Contemplation of that *State*,
We future *Joys* anticipate ;
And while on Earth, a Share possess
Of intellectual *Happiness*.

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Miscellany POEMS. 181

Thus shall we by Experience find,
A silent Harbour in the Mind,
To be the most secure Retreat,
From the Oppression of the Great,
And all Misfortunes that we meet.

As heavy Bodies downward tend,
And light Ones nat'rally ascend:
As Fire mounts up thro' liquid Air,
So sure are Mortals born to Care.

~~~~~  
On Sir J-----S----- saying in a sarca-  
stic Manner, My Books would  
make me Mad.

An O D E.

U Nhappy Sex ! how hard's our Fate,  
By Customs Tyranny confin'd  
To foolish Needle-work, and Chat,  
Or such like Exercise as that,  
But still deny'd th' Improvement of our Mind!

182 *Miscellany* POEMS.

- " *Women ! Men cry, alas, poor Fools !*  
 " *What are they but domestick Tools ?*  
 " *On purpose made our Toils to share,*  
 " *And ease the Husband's Oeconomick Care.*  
 " *To dress, to sing, to work, to play,*  
 " *To watch our Looks, our Words obey,*  
 " *And with their little Follies, drive dull*  
     *(Thoughts away.)*  
 " *Thus let them humbly in Subjection live ;*  
 " *But Learning leave to Man, our great Preroga-*  
     *(tive,*

H.

Most mighty *Sov'reigns* we submit,  
 And own ye *Monarchs* of the *Realms* of *Wit*;  
 But might a *Slave* to her *Superiours* speak,  
     And without *Treason* Silence break,  
     She'd first implore your royal *Grace*,  
     Then humbly thus expostulate the *Case*.  
 Those, who to *Husbands* have their *Pow'r* re-  
     *(sign'd,*  
     Will in their *Houfe* a full *Employment* find,  
     And little *Time* command to cultivate the  
     *(Mind,*

Had



Miscellany POEMS. 183

Had we been made intuitively wise,  
Like Angels vast Capacities;  
I would allow we need not use,  
Those Rules Experience does infuse:  
But if born ignorant, tho' fit for more,  
Can you deny we should improve our Store?  
Or won't you be so just to grant,  
That those Perfections which we want,  
And can't acquire when in a married State,  
Should be attain'd before.

Believe me, 'tis a *Truth* long understood;  
That those who know not why they're so, can  
(ne'er be wise or good.

III.

What surer Method can we take,  
Than this ye seem to chuse?  
'Tis *Books* ye write, and *Books* ye use;  
But yet we must a serious Judgment make,  
What to elect, and what refuse.  
Is't not by *Books* we're taught to know  
The great *Creator* of this World below?

184 *Miscellany* POEMS.

The vast Dimensions of this Earth,  
 And to what minute Particles poor Mortals owe  
 (their Birth)  
 By *Books*, th' *Almighty's* Works, we learn and  
 (prize,  
 But those *Phænomena's*, which dazzle vulgar  
 (Eyes,  
 We can as much despise.  
 And more than this, well chosen *Books* do show,  
 What unto *God*, and what to *Man* we owe.  
 Yet, if we enquire for a *Book*,  
 Beyond a *Novel*, or a *Play*,  
*Good Lord!* how soon th' Alarms took,  
 How soon your Eyes, your Souls betray,  
 And with what Spite ye look!  
 How nat'rally ye stare and scowl,  
 Like wond'ring *Birds* about an *Owl*,  
 And with malicious Sneer, these dismal Accents  
 (howl.

IV.

Alas, poor *Plato!* all thy Glory's past:  
 What, in a *Female Hand* arriv'd at last!

Sure,

Miscellany POEMS. 185

Sure, adds another, 'tis for something worse;

This Itch of Reading's sent her as a Curse.

No, no, cries good Sir *John*, but 'tis as bad,  
For if she's not already *craz'd*, I'm sure she will  
(be mad.

'Tis thus ye rail to vent your Spleen,

And think your wond'rous Wit is seen :

But 'tis the Malice of your Sex appears,

What suffer *Woman* to pretend to Sense !

Oh ! how this *Optick* magnifies the Offence,

And aggravates your Fears ?

But since the *French* in all ye ape,

Why should not they your Morals shape ?

Their *Women* are as gay and fair,

Yet *learned Ladies* are no Monsters there.

What is it from our *Sex* ye fear,

That thus ye curb our Pow'rs ?

D'ye apprehend a *bookish* War,

Or are your Judgments less, for raising ours ?

Come, come, the real *Truth* confess,

(A Fault acknowledg'd is the less)

And

186 *Miscellany* POEMS.

And own it was an *avaricious* Soul,  
Which would, with greedy Eyes, monopolize the  
(whole;  
And bars us *Learning* on the selfish Score:  
That conscious of our native Worth,

Ye dread to make it more.

Then thanks to *Heav'n*, we're *Englisb* born and  
(free,  
And thank our gracious *Laws* that give such  
(Liberty.

\*\*\*\*\*

A SOLILOQUY.

*On observing an Hour-Glass in a  
sleepless Night, Dec. 22. 1715.*

*Inscribed to the Right Honourable the Lady  
MARY IRWIN.*

SEE, in this emblematick Glass,  
How swift thy circling Minutes pass:  
'Ere we can say, this is begun,  
Another Minute hurries on;

Another



*Miscellany* POEMS 187

Another that ; still more succed,  
And on each others Footsteps tread.

Such *constant Motion*, Time does keep,  
Whether poor *Mortals* wake or sleep,

Or sit, or walk, or work, or play,

His steady *Course* knows no Delay ;

And unperceiv'd, Life glides away.

All Things a *stated Period* have ;

All ! all must center in the Grave :

The Fool ! the Cheat ! the Wise ! the Just !

Lie *undistinguish'd* in the Dust :

Our Souls alone survive to be,

Or curs'd, or bless'd eternally.

Oh gracious *God* ! our Strength improve,

Confirm our *Faith*, increase our *Love* ;

Remit our *Sins*, direct our *Will*,

Preserve us from all future ill :

Let *Charity* our Souls inspire,

And *Grace* correct each vain Desire.

Oh ! make us *number* out our Days,

That while we tread Life's *Thorny-maze*,

We

188 *Miscellany* POEMS.

We keep with Vigilance our Guard,  
And mayn't be taken *unprepar'd*.



To Mr. R---G---

*On his Confession of PHILOSOPHY.*

AH, Sir! with you, I now confess,  
Most vain are all our *Sciences* :  
Life is short, and *Art* so long,  
Nature weak, and *Knowledge* strong :  
And, 'ere *Industry* wins the Day,  
Grim *Death* arrests us on the Way :  
But though we could the *Goal* attain,  
And Masters of all *Science* reign ;  
Yet still, we must to *Death's* dread *Summons*  
(bow,  
And go we know not where, and die we know  
(not how,

So,

## Miscellany POEMS. 189

So, poor unhappy \* *Daphnis* strove ;  
Long sung of *Nature*, and of *Love* ;  
From *Greece*, and *Rome*, rich *Trophies* brought,  
And *Greek*, and *Roman* Learning taught,  
In *Notes*, which charm'd the *Nymphs* and  
(*Swains*,  
And echo'd round the *British* Plains .  
But ah ! in vain, he *Fame* pursu'd,  
In vain, the fleeting *Goddes* woo'd ;  
In vain, he did on *Nature's* Strength rely,  
For humane *Frailty* got the Victory.

Come then ye *Studious*, come ye *Wise* ;  
Come all who worldly *Learning* prize ;  
Of *Pylades*, now learn to live,  
To *Pylades*, just Honour give :  
He, who has Arts great Circle run,  
And praise with Admiration won.  
Yet now a nobler Path pursues,  
And learned Vanity subdues.

---

\* *Mr. CREECH.*

He

190 *Miscellany* POEMS.

He wisely counts his Time and Pains,  
 And finds 'em far beyond the Gains;  
 To *sacred Truths* reveal'd, he then doth fly,  
 That only *sure Support* on which we can rely.  
 'Tis *there*, we learn our *Maker's Will*;  
 There, we praise his mighty Skill;  
 There, we shun a dreadful Doom;  
 There, we find a Life to come,  
 And to those *sacred Books* we owe  
 All the solid Good we know:  
 In each charming *Page* do shine  
 Laws both *Humane* and *Divine*;  
 Wond'rous Judgments! Mercies too!  
 Yet not a Word, but what is true;  
 And also there by *Faith* we prove,  
 The Vastness of Almighty *Love*!  
 Thus rais'd on *Contemplation's Wings* you go,  
 And leave the mercenary World below.

Proceed, *dear Friend*, exert thy tuneful Voice  
 Long be thy *Race*, and constant be thy *Choice*.

Still



Miscellany POEMS.

191

Still love *bright Truth*, her sacred *Myſt'ries*  
(clear,

Oh ſtill inſtruct us ! and we'll gladly hear :

So may'ſt thou from the *Plagues* of *Life* be free,

As thou, thy *Knowledge*, doſt impart to *me*.

A S I G H.

OH *Heav'n* ! if *Mortals* could foreſee

Th' *Events* of dark *Futurity* ;

They wiſely might their *Conduct* ſteer,

And juſtly *Rationals* appear.

But now by *Paſſions* hurried on,

We blindfold to *Deſtruction* run ;

Nor can diſtinguiſh *Truth* from *Lies*,

Or ſacred *Vows* from *Perjuries*.

Ah cruel *Paſſions* ! cruel *Fate* !

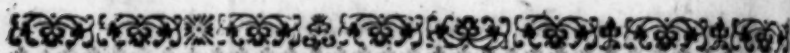
Why, are we born to *love* and *bate* ?

Why, can we for theſe *Paſſions* give

No better *Cauſe* than why we live ?

Why,

Why, can't we from our *Passions* run,  
 No more than we can *Living* shun?  
 Why, know we *Right*, yet *Wrong* pursue,  
 And doat on the delusive *View*?



## J I L L.

*A Pindarick ODE.*

*Inscrib'd by Command to Her Honour'd Uncle*  
 RICHARD OSBORNE, *Esq;*

**A**H wretched *Maid*! now give a Loose to  
 (Grief,  
 Nor Art, nor Invocation use;  
 Thy fatal Loss admits of no Relief,  
 And does all fruitless Aid refuse.  
 She, whom thou late esteem'd'st so dear,  
 By *Syrius* now is Slain:  
 For long in his celestial Sphere,  
 The spiteful *Star* had envied her,  
 And shed his *Rays* in vain:

'Till

# Miscellany POEMS. 193

'Till mad with *Shame*, and *Rage* to find  
 His *Lustre* by her Eyes out-shin'd,  
 He shot a baleful Influence,  
 And snatch'd his *beauteous Rival* hence.  
 Begin, oh *Muse* ! this mournful Scene disclose,  
 In *Notes* as sad, and boundless as my *Woes*.

## II.

Nine Times the *Sun* his yearly Course had run,  
 And twice nine *Moons* with changing *Lustre* }  
 (Shone, }  
 Since *Jill's* first *Breath*, and *Love* to me begun. }  
 Fine was her *Mein*, and most exact her *Form*,  
 Black sparkling *Eyes*, her lov'ly *Face* adorn'd ;  
 Two stately *Dew-laps* dangled o'er her *Breast*  
 (Th' hereditary *Ensigns* of her *Race*)  
 Unspotted *Whiteness* cover'd all the rest,  
 And when she bark'd, 'twas with majestick *Grace*,  
 But oh ! what fit *Expressions* can I find,  
 To shew the *Beauties* of her fairer *Mind* !  
 So *Fond* ! so *Faithful* ! *sensible* and *true*,  
 So nobly *Fierce* ! and yet so *gentle* too.

O

One

194 *Miscellany* POEMS.

One *Look*, or *Nod*, instructed her with *Ease*,  
 As if her only *Care* had been to please :  
 Such *Gratitude* in all her *Actions* shin'd,  
 Such *constant Love* ! *Perception* so refin'd,  
 That *she*, or was, or seem'd to me, the noblest  
 (Of her *Kind*.)

III.

Thus long we liv'd from *Youth* together bred,  
 And at one *Table* constantly were fed :  
 Till on a fatal inauspicious *Day*,  
 As in the *Sun's* bright *Beams* she basking lay,  
 Her beauteous *Eyes* she rowl'd about in vain,  
 And scarcely could endure the *Light* for *Pain*;  
 An *Atrophy* her lowly *Form* invades,  
 Her *Bones* start thro' the *Skin* ! her *Skin's* bright  
 (*Lustre* fades  
 The vital *Flood* ebb'd slowly from her *Heart*,  
 And deadly *Pangs* tormented ev'ry *Part* :  
 This for the *Space* of five long *Days* she bore,  
 Without a *Sigh*, or one repining *Groan* ;  
 While I the greater *Brute* her *Fate* deplore,  
 And teach her how to moan.



Miscellany POEMS. 195

At last as I sat grieving by her Side,  
She fix'd her fainting Eyes on mine, then fetch'd a  
(Sigh and died.

IV.

Farewel ! Farewel ! dear Calmer of my Cares,  
Thou faithful Partner of my Hopes and Fears :  
When I was pleas'd, how joyful wouldst thou be?

When I was sad, how melancholy thee?

Thus sick or well, in good or bad Estate,

Thou still didst Sympathize with me,

In ev'ry Turn of Fate.

Long Converse which does often move

Contempt, instead of Love,

In thee quite otherwise appears :

For as thou didst advance in Years

Thy Kindness did improve :

No Change of Fortune could thy Love pre-  
(vent,

Equal in all Estates ! in ev'ry Change content.

V.

But never more shall I behold those Eyes !

Cold as the Grave, alas, my Fav'rite lies :

196 *Miscellany* POEMS.

No more will she amongst her *Fellows* play,  
And with her mimick Sports, chase my dull  
(Thoughts away.

No more must she——

But hold fond *Maid* ! lest *Passion* still deceive,  
For when her Actions I review,  
*I vow* ! I could almost believe

The *Metempsychosis* is true.

Then *Grief* farewell ! adieu these childish Tears,

But oh ! a long Farewel, to thee

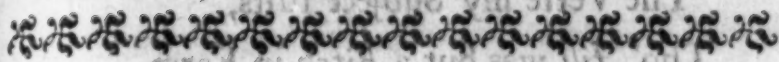
Thou dear *Companion* of my tender Years :

Thy Name shall still survive, altho' thou'rt dead,  
And this *Inscription* on thy *Tomb* be read.

Here lies fair *Jill*, in whom we daily view'd  
The gen'rous Proofs of noble *Gratitude*.



*Apology*



*Apology for the foregoing ODE.*

AND now, methinks, some *Criticks* smiling  
(cry,

How Folly does that *Sex* betray

To superstitious Vanity !

Could nothing less, than *Pindar's* lofty Verse,

Adorn a paltry *Mongril's* Hearse ?

Sure she's insufferably dull, or nobler *Themes* are  
(scarce,

Hold rigid *Censors*, I reply,

*Catullus* of a *Sparrow* sung ;

*Scribonius* writ upon a *Fly*,

And *Goddeus* for an *Owl* his *Lyre* strung.

*Ovid*, in sweet tho' mournful *Lays*,

Eternaliz'd a *Parrot's* Praise.

*Melancton* writ upon an *Ant*,

And the learn'd *Lipsius* prais'd an *Elephant*.

2196 *Miscellany* POEMS.

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And with her mimick Sports, chace my dull  
(Thoughts away)

No more must she——

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Melancton writ upon an Ant,

And the learn'd Lipsius prais'd an Elephant.

198 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Cease then this *Elegy* to scorn,  
The Verse my Subject suits,  
Tho' *Jill* was but a *Bitch* in Form,

Her Sense was more than *Brutes*,



*The second Satyr of BOILEAU*  
*imitated.*

*Inscrib'd to Mr. R—G—*

**T**HOU, whose ingenious fertile *Brain*  
Bring it forth with *Pleasure*, not with *Pain*,  
Instruct me in the *Knack* of *Chime*,  
And how to tag my Words with *Rhime*:  
For *Phœbus* did to Thee impart  
His Knowledge in the tuneful Art:  
And something more he gave as due,  
The Gift of *verifying* too.

So *smoothly* flows your *Vein*, and *clear*,  
So *sweet* your *Choice*, yet so *severe*:

Each

# Miscellany POEMS. 199

Each *Thought* and *Word* in order plac'd,  
Each *Line*, with *Wit*, and *Learning* grac'd:  
And when you condescend to write,  
The *Muse* unask'd assists your flight.

But I! by vain *Caprice* betray'd,  
Have of a Pastime *Penance* made:  
And for some *Folly*, or some *Crime*,  
Am doom'd perpetually to Rhime.  
In vain! I change the tuneful *Feet*,  
In vain! my silly *Noddle* beat;  
For when the Verse requires *White*,  
The *Muse* presents me *Black*, in Spight;  
And when I'd sing some wond'rous *Bard*,  
Instead of *Dryden*, she writes——  
My *Patience* lost! I then give o'er,  
And almost vow I'll write no more.

Yet, when I've somewhat eas'd my *Spleen*,  
And rail'd at *Muse* and *Hippocrene*,  
Methinks the *Goddeſs* doth appear,  
And chide me for my dull *Despair*.

200 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Then, *Maugre* all my former Pain,  
 I snatch the *Paper* up again ;  
 Forget what I so lately spoke,  
 And great *Apollo's* Aid invoke.  
 Yet, if for Rhime I could admit  
 A cold, insipid *Epithet*,  
 I need not biting *Fingers* stand,  
 But take a jingling Word at Hand :  
 For if I prais'd some beauteous *Phillis*,  
 I'd call her, *whiter* ! than the *Lillies*,  
 Or else compare her to the *Sun*,  
 That *Metaphor* would easy run,  
 Transposing thus a few fine Words,  
 Which Custom, or kind Chance affords,  
 I without *Art*, or *Genius* either,  
 Might quickly tack two Lines together,  
 But my cross *Muse* such Verse refuses,  
 And trembles at each Word she chooses ;  
 Disdains to fill a vacant Place,  
 With Words that may her Work disgrace ;  
 Vex'd at her Choice, begins a-new,  
 And writing *three* Words, blots out *two* :

Yet



## Miscellany POEMS. 2012

Yet still dislikes ! still strives to mend !  
And thus her Labours never end.

Curs'd be the Wretch ! who first confin'd,  
To Rules of *Art*, the nobler Mind :  
Curs'd ! be the First this *Art* admir'd,  
Curs'd ! be the *Demon*, which inspir'd,  
And fetter'd up his Thoughts sublime,  
In strict *Imprisonment* of Rhime :  
Forcing us piece-meal to reherse,  
And split the *Sentence* with the *Verse*.

Oh *Pylades* ! how blest were I  
In my belov'd *Obscurity* ?  
If I had ne'er the *Muse* address'd,  
Nor with this *Frenzy* been posses'd :  
No pamper'd *Nun* herself could please  
With fewer Cares, or greater Ease ;  
Or lead a more unactive Life,  
More free from Fear, or void of Strife.

But now, this tedious *Doggrel* Strain,  
With nightly Fumes, invades my Brain :

And

And when the Town with Sleep is blest,  
 'Tis then the *Muse* disturbs my Rest;  
 Commands me from my *Bed* to rise,  
 And follow her where-e'er she flies,  
 Then like some poor enchanted Fool,  
 That's made a rambling *Witches* Tool,  
 I can't forbear, but up must get,  
 And run, and strive, and pant, and sweat;  
 'Till wearied with this haggard Trade,  
 And by her hum'rous Will delay'd,  
 With Discontent I sit me down,  
 And envy Secretary *Brutus*,  
 Or *Mævius*, whose prolific *Muse*  
 Each Month whole *Volumes* does produce;  
 And with a formal dull Pretence,  
 Sets up for *Wit*, in Spight of *Sense*,  
 What, tho' not one poetick Line  
 Does in an hundred *Pages* shine;  
 The Pow'r of Wit! he can defy,  
 And yet find *Fools* enough to buy.  
*Mævius*! Is sure himself to please,  
 Observes no Rules, and writes with Ease;

Admires

Admires his own gigantick Strain,  
Then hugs himself, and writes again:  
Where-e'er he goes, he doth reherse,  
And murders all his Friends with Verse,

But 'tis not so with *Wits* polite;  
They choose with Care each Word they write;  
And think the *Muse* too slowly flies!  
If too Sublime she does not rise,  
The critick World they charm with Ease,  
But ne'er their nicer Selves can please,  
So far from *Pride*, or vain *Conceit*,  
So modest, yet so nobly Great;  
That when they hear their *Works* admir'd,  
They wish they ne'er had been inspir'd.

Oh thou! who seest my jaded *Muse*,  
Prithee thy kind Endeavours use:  
Teach me the Method of *Inditing*;  
Or qualify this Itch of *Writing*,

To

To Mr. R---G--- in the Coun-  
try, on her receiving a Letter sub-  
scrib'd NEMO.

DID I for sordid Gain attempt to write,  
Or in a popular Applause delight;  
These envious Creatures wou'd have some Pretence  
To whet their Weapons, in their own Defence;  
With *Justice* then, they might proclaim a War  
And dart their poison'd Arrows from afar.  
But I, who ne'er to *Lawrels* did aspire,  
Ne'er wish'd for *Fame*, or wrote a Line for *Hire*,  
Still from those vulgar Ends my Soul was free,  
Nor ought desir'd beyond *Obscurity*.  
Of me, methinks, they need not be afraid,  
Me! who will ne'er usurp their rhiming Trade.  
Yet Oh, my worthy Friend, in Notes obscure  
These *Birds* of Night on me their fury pour;  
From gross Untruths they false Conclusions draw,  
And say I pillage Books I never saw.



So with fly Chatter, or malicious Feud,  
They daily interrupt my *charming Solitude*.

Thus tir'd with *Knaves*, and *Fools*, I fly to Thee  
For found Advice in my Necessity;  
And were our sacred *Friendship* not so great,  
I cou'd even en'vy thy secure Retreat.



*An Epistle from Octavia at ROME*  
to MARK ANTONY in Ægypt.  
*From the French.*

Unhappy Wretch! why wert thou born  
To Doat on one who Loves not thee?  
Thy faithful Love but meets his Scorn;  
Thy Grief is his Felicity.

II.

Say, dear Deceiver, why shou'd you  
An harmless Woman thus ensnare?  
Why, with a feigned Love pursue?  
And then abandon to Despair?

III. Sole

206 *Miscellany* POEMS.

III.

Sole *Mistress* of my Heart I reign'd,  
And vainly thought I still shou'd be;  
Who had so many Conquests gain'd,  
Yet was my self untouch'd and free.

IV.

Since *Gratitude* cou'd not perswade,  
Nor prudent *Int'rest* move my Heart;  
I laugh'd at those by *Love* betray'd,  
And proudly scoff'd at *Cupid's* Dart.

V.

And still untouch'd I had remain'd,  
If I had never seen those Eyes,  
Which at first Sight the *Vict'ry* gain'd,  
As Excellencies give surprize.

VI.

Astonish'd! and confus'd! I felt  
*Love's fatal Pow'r!* invade my Breast!  
So subtile *Light'ning's* said to melt  
Silver, and yet not burn the Chest.

VII. To

VII.

Too late! I found, I was undone!  
 Yet modestly the Flame conceal'd,  
 'Till, by confessing first your own,  
 You my resistless Love reveal'd.

VIII.

How happy then! How more than blest!  
 Was I, in this my golden Dream?  
 Of all I wish'd on Earth possess!  
 I envy'd not the greatest *Queen*.

IX.

How often have you kindly own'd,  
 That we each others *Tallies* were?  
 And *Sympathy* our Souls had crown'd,  
 With *Delicacies* too severe.

X.

That neither cou'd from either find  
 A Counterpart, so like our own;  
 Where ev'ry Sentiment combin'd,  
 Created for our selves alone.

XI. Whence

## XI.

Whence comes it then you now abhor  
 This *faithful Heart* ! which once you priz'd  
 Why must I see your Face no more ?  
 Why, die *unpitied*, and *despisd* ?

## XII.

Are num'rous Conquests all your Aim ?  
 And are you but a common Man ?  
 Oh *Cesar* ! yet your Heart reclaim  
 By the fam'd Youth of *Macedon*.

## XIII.

Tho' *Victor* of the World ! he chose  
 Of all his *captiv'd* Dames but one,  
 On whom to fix his Life's Repose  
 Such *Temp'rance* in his Conquest shone.

## XIV.

Like sister Streams, united Hearts  
 Flow with a Current, *strong* and *clear* !  
 But channell'd into many Parts  
 It *weak* and *muddy* will appear.





To CAVENDISH WEEDON *Esq*;  
On his Consorts of Divine Musick at  
Stationers-Hall.

SUCH is the Vice, or Folly of this Age!  
That few unbrib'd in *Virtue's* Cause engage;  
Without Relief, she sinks in vile Disdain,  
Scorn'd! and despis'd! unless she promise *Gain*.  
And then, perhaps, some mercenary Quill,  
Discov'ring equal Want of *Love*, and *Skill*,  
Takes up th' *afflicted Cause*, with vain Pretence,  
And quite betrays it by a weak Defence.

But you, Dear Sir, by *new* and *nobler* Ways,  
Inspire our Souls, and our Devotions raise:  
*Virtue*! by you, in *Lustre* deck'd appears,  
And sacred *Harmony* now charms our Ears,  
Beyond th' imagin'd Musick of the *Sphears*.

}

210 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Oh wou'd the Town encourage your Design,  
Or wou'd the *pious Few* ! sincerely join ;  
How Quickly then might you reform the Stage,  
And quell the spreading Vices of this Age ?  
Each modern Immorality subdue,  
And *holy Union* ! thro' the Land renew ?

But you with *Hydra* Vices must ingage,  
Which fear your Pow'r, and vent their impious  
(Rage

Left your *celestial* Notes dissolve their Reign,  
Redeem their Slaves, and *Virtue* crown again.  
Thus Left alone ! and unassisted too !

The *pious Aim* with Zeal you still pursue :  
At your sole Charge, the Blessing you bestow,  
And teach us what's above, by what we hear b  
(lo



On the modish Whim COFFEO-  
MANCY.

Wretched superstitious Fool,  
Here set up thy final Rest :

Learn to act by Reason's Rule ;

*Humane Prescience* is a Jest.

II.

What is *past*, it may describe ;

What is *present*, also tell :

But, if e'er so high we Bribe,

What's *to come*, it can't reveal.

III.

Some Things *right*, and others *wrong*;

'Tis at utmost but a Guess ;

And our *Fancy* being strong

Heightens up the *Images*.

## IV.

All our *Hopes*, and all our *Fears*,  
 Aggravated and increas'd;  
 Cruel! and intestine Wars!  
 Multiply'd within our Breast.

## V.

Doubts of *Friend's*! and Trust in *Foes*!  
 Are the least it does procure:  
 Thousand! Thousand! needless Woes,  
 Must the *curious Wretch* endure.

## VI.

Foolish! and deceitful Art!  
 To what Purpose dost thou tend?  
 Can'st thou ease one anxious Smart?  
 Or retrieve one *faithless Friend*?

## VII.

If thou canst not alter Fate?  
 But what *must*! will certain be;  
 I'll no more anticipate:  
 Future Joy, or Misery.

VIII. Hence



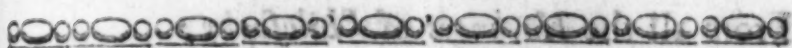
VIII.

Hence ! *fallacious Science* ! hence,

Tempt no more with what's to come !

I'm resign'd to *Providence*,

And *Patience* be my Doom.



To Sir ROGER LE STRANGE, on  
his *Seneca*.

HAD great *Le-strange* ! been born in *Cesar's*  
(Days,

He had eclips'd the noble *Stoick's* Praise :

But *Providence* ! being kind beyond our *Due*,

To *Rome* gave *Seneca* ! to *Britain* you.

She then did our Degen'racy presage,

And kept that *Blessing* for this barren Age.

Sure, if those mighty *Ghosts* do care or know,

In what Estate their *Fame* ! survives below,

Th' illustrious *Spaniard* ! must rejoice to see

His Works *refin'd* ! and *methodiz'd* by thee !

214 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Thou! who so nobly hast express'd his Sense,  
And made him speak in *Northern Eloquence*,

All hail great *Seneca*! 'tis now thour't blest!  
'Thy younger *Brother* bids thee safely rest,  
He, who victoriously has set thee free,  
From all the *Hackneys* of *Philosophy*;  
For after him, what impious *Pen* will dare,  
His dull *Translation*, with *Le-strange* compare.

---

*To the late Duke of NORFOLK.*

*An ODE.*

IN former Times, when condescending Gods  
Visited Mortals poor Abodes,  
Tell me, my *Muse*, what Homage did they pay,  
When they perceiv'd the Pow'r Divine?  
What Incense did they offer at his Shrine?  
What Gifts upon his Altar lay?

*Muse*

Miscellany POEMS. 215

Muse.

II.

A Sacrifice they did prepare,  
The choicest of their Flocks ;  
The best and youngest were their Care,  
That graz'd on *Meads* and *Rocks* :  
*Hymns* of *Praise* ! and *Incense* too,  
But that's no Precedent for you,  
Theirs were but fictitious *Deities*,  
Which *Priests* set up for Gain,  
And with a pious *Artifice*,  
Did soon the giddy *Mob* surprize  
To worship but in vain.  
Their *Vows* and *Off'rings* were *unseen*, *unheard*,  
'Twas only *Superstition* made them *fear'd*,

III.

But Lo !  
Who's this does now appear ?  
No *Phæbus* ! *Mars* ! or *Pan* !  
A more substantial *Pow'r* is here,  
A wond'rous *God-like* Man.

216 *Miscellany* POEMS.

No angry Cloud his *Visage* wears,  
 No Terror on his *Brow* appears,  
 But charming *Goodness* in his Looks doth shine,  
 And every Accent seems divine.  
 Let After-ages then this *Wonder* tell,  
 That far as *Hero's* vulgar Men surpass,  
 So far this one doth all the rest excel,  
 Farewel his precedent too!  
 I can't inform thee, what's his Due,  
 But sure no vulgar Offering must be made by you.

IV.

Is't possible, (my Lord,) you can excuse,  
 This rude Desertion of a faithful *Muse*;  
 Who ne'er with such an Honour blest before,  
 Dares not longer now attend,  
 Lest she thro' *Ignorance* offend  
 The *Pow'r* she would adore.  
 Thus left unguided in a foreign Way,  
 Forgive me, that I know not how  
 My due *Devoirs* to pay,



Miscellany POEMS 217

*Hecatombs* I would bestow,  
And fragrant Gums on smoaking Censers strow ;  
Joyful Peans I should resound  
Thro' all the vocal Groves around,  
Ey'n *Echo* should her Plaints forget,  
And multiply the Sound.  
But Poet's Fate is always poor,  
And Wishes bound my present Store.

Oh ! that *Apollo* would my *Muse* inspire  
With one bright Ray of his harmonious Fire :  
How would she in extatick Lays  
Warble out great *Norfolk's* Praise ?  
How sweetly strike the *Lyre* ?  
But 'tis in vain to try,  
For *Phæbus* looks with Anger down,  
And frowns we aim'd so high.  
But tho' I must not Thanks express  
For this unlook'd for Happiness,  
Yet something sure is in my Pow'r,

Which

218 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Which Time, nor *Chante* can rob me of  
Until my latest Hour.

*Grateful Vows* are surely due,  
And *grateful Vows* shall still be made for you,  
So *Heav'n* it self, when we no more can pay,  
Accepts our *Inclination* to obey.



To ALMYSTREA, on her Divine  
Works.

HAIL happy *Virgin!* of celestial Race,  
Adorn'd with *Wisdom!* and repleat with  
(Grace!

By *Contemplation* you ascend above,  
And fill your Breast with true *seraphick* Love.  
And when you from that sacred *Mount* descend,  
You give us Rules our *Morals* to amend:  
Those *pious Maxims* you your self apply,  
And make the Universe your *Family*.

No more, Oh *Spain!* thy Saint *Teresa* boast,  
Here's one out-shines her on the *British* Coast;  
Directs

# Miscellany POEMS. 219

Directs as well, and regulates her Love,  
 But in that Sphere, with greater Force doth move.  
 Whose Soul, like hers! view'd its *Almighty End!*  
 And to that *Center*, all its *Motions* tend:  
 Like her! she glorious *Monuments* doth raise,  
 Beyond *male Envy!* or a *female Praise!*

Too Long! indeed, has been our Sex decry'd,  
 And ridicul'd by Men's *malignant Pride*;  
 Who fearing of a just Return forbore,  
 And made it criminal to teach us more,  
 That *Women* had no *Souls*, was their Pretence,  
 And *Women's* Spelling past for *Women's* Sense.  
 When you, most generous *Heroine!* stood forth,  
 And show'd your Sex's *Aptitude* and *Worth*.  
 Were it no more! yet you bright *Maid* alone,  
 Might for a *World* of *Vanity* atone!  
 Redeem the coming Age! and set us free  
 From the false Brand of *Incapacity*.





## TO ZENOBIA.

ALL like your self, you still appear, I see,  
 Not tainted *alamode* with *Coquetry*;  
 No! you have kept unfullied, tho' the Times  
 Even make our *Innocence*, and *Virtue* Crimes.

Our barren *Age* does now produce but few  
 So nicely delicate in *Style* as you:  
 Blest with a pure and unaffected Strain,  
 So deep the *Sense*, and yet so *clear* a Vein:  
 New *Charms* in all your *Actions* you display,  
 And Sterling *Wit* in ev'ry *Word* you say.



A Pastor



*A Pastoral ELEGY,*

On HENRY late Duke of NORFOLK,  
begun by PYLADES in the Country,  
and finish'd by the Author in  
Town.

PYLADES.

OH! whence *Eliza* flow those pregnant Tears,  
That call for mine, and raise my utmost  
(Fears?

Why sit you drooping in this Shade alone,  
And make the Woods lament to hear your Moan?  
Tell me why thus excessively you grieve?  
I fain wou'd know, because I'd fain relieve.

ELIZA.

My Grief is greater than I can express,  
Exceeds all Bounds, admits of no Redress.

PYLADES

222 *Miscellany* POEMS.

PYLADES.

Oh therefore tell ! that I may bear a Part,  
And bring some comfort to thy throbbing Heart,  
Companions in *Affliction* ease the Smart.

ELIZA.

I wou'd not, for that Cause, my Woes reveal,  
Nor let my *dearest Friend* my Sorrow feel:  
And since I am *afflicted, lost, undone,*  
Compleatly *wretched*, let me be alone.

PYLADES.

Unless I may with you participate  
In all your *Passions*, ev'ry Turn of *Fate*;  
Unless I'm suffer'd to condole with you,  
How can I think your promis'd *Friendship* true?  
In Vain on your Affection I depend,  
If *unsincere*; in Vain you call me *Friend*;  
And I conjure you, if you think me so,  
No longer thus from me conceal your *Woes*.

ELIZA.

*Miscellany* POEMS. 223

ELIZA.

Well! since with such a forcible Constraint:  
You press to know the Cause of my Complaint.  
Wherein your self an equal Portion bear,  
With melting Heart the dismal Tidings hear.  
Oh *Pylades*! our mutual Hopes are fled,  
How shall I speak those Words? great *Pollio's* dead.

PYLADES.

Forbid it Heav'n! our gen'rous *Patron* gone?  
Great! Good! and *Just*! all Worth contain'd in one.

ELIZA.

Alas, too true!  
Last Night I heard the sad amazing News,  
As I was going forth to fold my Ewes;  
Unhappy Ewes! which now may bleat in vain,  
And with unpitied Cries fill all the Plain:  
Once my Delight, but now no more my Care,  
Go wander Flocks, while I lye sobbing here.

PYLADES.

ELIZA

## PYLADES.

If Silence, or if Sighs cou'd ease our Pain,  
 Or our lost *Pollio* bring to Life again;  
 With silent Tears we'd wash our Griefs away,  
 And in long Sighs! wear out each tedious Day:  
 But Lo! I hear the melancholy Sound  
 Thro' all the Plains goes heavily around,  
*Pollio's* no more! Great *Pollio* is no more!  
 Rebounds from ev'ry Rock, and distant Shore:  
 The *Woods*, and *Hills* the dismal News disperse,  
 Lamenting *Eccho's* the sad Words reherse,  
 And ev'ry hollow *Cave*, with doleful Tone,  
 Redoubles *Nature's* universal Groan.  
 Then in pathetick Verse his Death proclaim,  
 And in sweet Numbers celebrate his Fame.

## ELIZA.

That he vouchsaf'd to hear my humble Lays,  
 Shew'd his unbounded *Goodness*, not my *Praise*;  
 Nor were his condescending Smiles e'er meant  
 For *Commendation*, but *Encouragement*:

Judi.



Miscellany POEMS. 225

Judiciously he'd calm the *Muse's* Heat,  
And regulate her inharmonious Feet:  
Direct her in a new and nobler Way,  
Yet call her down, when she had soar'd astray.  
Thus did he not my humble *Song* despise,  
In Hopes I might to higher *Notes* arise:  
Then weep sad *Maid*, thy fatal Loss deplore,  
Thy great, thy godlike *Censor*, is no more.

PYLADES.

Behold, *Eliza*, where our *Pan* appears,  
See what a melancholy Look he wears,  
Vast is his Sorrow boundless as his Mind,  
But manly *Virtue* hath his Tears confin'd:  
What broken Accents from his *Lips* do flow!  
Musing he walks, and seems depress'd with Wo.  
Then with a Sigh, he cries my *Pollio's* gone!  
And hark, how all the Swains his Loss bemoan:  
These Thoughts, methinks, should give us some  
(Relief,  
*Pan* mourns his Fate, *Pan* shares our mutual Grief.

Q

ELIZA.

226 *Miscellany* POEMS.

ELIZA.

The royal Sorrow is to *Pollio* due,  
*Pan* knew his Heart, and *Pan* possess'd it too:  
 To our great *Pastor*, he was ever dear,  
 And next to *Pan*, we *Pollio* did revere;  
 For *Pollio* strove th' *Arcadians* still to please,  
 And, by his thoughtful Care, secur'd our Ease.  
*Justice* he lov'd, and *Peace* was his Delight:  
 Mild was his *Face*, yet so divinely bright,  
*Wolves*, *Bears*, and *Tygers*, fled his awful Sight.  
 Unhappy *Plains*! your dismal State deplore,  
 Unhappy *Flocks*! your Guardian is no more.

PYLADES.

Forfaken *Nymphs*, and *Swains*, your Loss pro-  
 (claim;  
*Hills*, *Vales*, and *Groves*, reverberate his Name.

ELIZA.

See! see, lamenting *Swain*! with wond'ring Eyes,  
 What beauteous Streams of Light, adorn the Skies!  
 What wond'rous Harmony is this we hear?  
 See! Shepherd see! our *Pollio* does appear:

Behold

Miscellany POEMS. 227

Behold, what dazzling Glories round him shine,  
The mortal Part cast off, he now is all divine.  
Smiling he sits, crown'd with immortal Bays,  
And with a gracious Nod accepts our duteous  
(Lays.

PYLADES.

Then let our Sorrows vanish all away,  
Like Clouds dispers'd before approaching Day;  
Let's Cease untimely, and in vain to mourn;  
For *Pollio* gone, who never must return:  
Benigne he sits in his exalted State,  
Fix'd in the Skies above the Pow'r of Fate:  
Where, like a glorious Star, he shall remain,  
To shed auspicious Influence on our Plain:  
And while he sits above secure of *Fame*,  
Let's here below perpetuate his Name.





To ANTHONY HENLY *Esq;*

*An ODE.*

LATE in an unfrequented *Cave* there lay  
A pensive *Nymph*, who sigh'd her Time a-  
(way;

A friendless *Orphan*, and to *Wrongs* expos'd,

She shunn'd the *World*,

And in her lov'd *Obscurity* repos'd.

II.

When just as grey *Aurora* rais'd her Head,

And o'er the *World* a glimmering *Twilight*  
(spread,

In this sad *Grott* a sudden Voice was heard:

A *Cupid* flew around,

And in his Hand a lambent *Torch* appear'd.

These Chains (cried he) of *Slumber* break,

Awake! oh careless *Maid*, awake!

Great *Hymen*! whom the *Wicked* fear,

*Hymeneus*! whom all revere,

Thro'



Miscellany POEMS. 229

Thro' the Air now flies in State,  
And bids Thee on his *Triumph* wait:  
Yon holy *Dome* thou seest in View,  
Sacred to *Love*, and *Honour* too;  
Where *Hymen* keeps his Court to Day,  
And all the *Graces* Homage pay:  
Thither let thy Steps repair,  
But leave behind all thoughtful Care;  
That no sad Object interrupt our Stay,  
But all for *Joy* prepare.

III.

*Eliza*, soon the *Voice* obey'd,  
And at the *Fane* Attendance paid:  
Fragrant Scents perfum'd the Air,  
Sweet *Symphonies* invade the Ear:  
Troops of *Zephir's* clear'd the Way,  
And lucid Beams proclaim'd the Day.  
The *Priests* and *Votaries* in Order plac'd,  
With yellow *Robes*, and flow'ry *Chaplets* grac'd,  
The great *Procession* thus began:  
All pow'rful *Love*! led up the Van,  
In Form, a *Child*, in Wisdom more than *Man*.

230 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Next him, majestick *Hymen* came,  
 In *Saffron* Robes resembling Flame;  
 Slow was his Pace, and solemn was his Mien,  
 And round him wond'rous Joys were in Perspec-  
 (tive seen.  
*Honour* succeeded next, with Look severe,  
 And thousand little *Cupids* fill'd the Rear:  
 The vaulted Roof with Acclamations rung,  
 And *Hymen*! IO *Hymen*! was devoutly sung.  
 Each *Deity* assum'd his proper Place,  
 And snuff'd the *Incense* with auspicious  
 Grace:  
 At *Honour's* Nod, the *Temple* seem'd to shake,  
 While with a flowing Accent thus he spake,

IV.

This Day *Amphion* pays his Vows  
 And at our sacred *Altar* bows;  
 He! whose Actions weary Fame:  
 Yet so humbly modest too,  
 That we dare not speak his Due,  
 But after Ages shall with Joy proclaim,

*Amphion*!

Miscellany POEMS. 231

*Amphion!* great *Cesar's* Care,  
*Amphion!* to the *Muses* dear,  
*Amphion!* Truth and Virtue's Friend,  
*Amphion!* who does all transcend:  
And whom more justly by that Name we call,  
Than him who built the *Theban* Wall?  
This Day he pays those Vows to *Honour* due.  
The Bride's Encomium, *Love*, belongs to you.

V.

*Love.*

How willingly stern *Honour* I obey,  
Ah! wou'd he always such Injunctions lay:  
How pleasing is it, to describe the Fair,  
Draw ev'ry Glance, paint each enchanting  
(Air?)

But on this wond'rous Subject, I despair.  
Long since, my dear Companions, faithful Fame  
Made you acquainted with *Cassandra's* Name:

*Cassandra!* who gave *Love* to all she knew,  
And yet possess'd so hard a *Heart*,  
As baffled all my Pow'r and Art:

*Amphion* only cou'd subdue,  
And save the sinking Credit of my Dart.

Q 4.

Bright

Bright *Cassandra* ! lovely Bride!  
 Fair without Scorn ! and *virtuous* without Pride,  
 Envy her self, such *Virtues* must prefer,  
 And love those Graces, which she wants, in her,

## C H O R U S,

*Hymen.*

Happy Couple, come away,  
 And stand not on too nice Delay,

*Honour.*

How dull these tedious *Minutes* flow,  
 When *Honour* calls you, why so slow ?

*Love.*

Oh *Amphion* ! no Delay  
 To the Temple haste away ;  
 Love is here, and will bestow  
 Blessings thou didst never know ;  
 A *virtuous Wife* doth comprehend  
 Peace, Plenty, and a faithful Friend,

*Honour.*

*Honour.*

Their

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*Hymen.*

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*Hymen.*

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Honour.

Their worthy *Actions* I'll conserve,  
And give to *Fame* what they deserve.

Hymen.

And I, the *sacred Knot* will tie,  
And bless their *conjugal Fidelity*.

All.

Oh ! how we long to meet this Pair !  
He so *Good*, and she so *Fair* !  
One of the *Best*, and greatest *Patriots* he,  
One of the *Fairest*, and most *Virtuous* she.

Hymen.

Know'st thou, *Eliza*, where she doth reside ?  
Know'st thou where *Thame's* rolls his maje-  
(stick Tide ?  
Close by the Margin of his Flood, there stands  
An awful *Pile*, which *Fabius* still commands :  
Judicious *Fabius* built it for his Seat,  
And there from Bus'ness makes a calm Retreat.

There

234 *Miscellany* POEMS.

There charming *Ariana* doth preside,  
 With fair *Cassandra*, our elected *Bride* :  
 Run, run *Eliza* ! help the *Bride* prepare,  
 And to *Amphion*, what thou'lt heard declare,  
 For sure, I think, thou'lt find him there.  
 All our mysterious *Rites* to him rehearse,  
 Not in dull *Prose*, but *Pindar's* lofty *Verse*.  
 Fly ! Fly ! too tardy *Maid*, no more delay,  
 Divine Commands, how darst thou disobey ?



*The triple League to Mrs. SUSAN*  
 DOVE.

**P**ensive *Eliza* lately fate,  
 Bewailing her unhappy Fate ;  
 Careless her Dress, and wild her Air,  
 Her self an *Emblem* of Despair :  
 Upon her Hand, she lean'd her Head,  
 And sighing first, these Words she said :

Miscellany POEMS. 235

Ye Fates! why am I thus perplex'd,  
And why thus daily teaz'd and vex'd?  
Each Hour, new Troubles you prepare,  
And I am born but to despair.

The first dear Friendship I profess,  
Center'd in noble *Celia's* Breast!  
Her Soul was great! her *Friendship* true!  
Her *Conversation* always new:  
But ravish'd hence, ah me! she's gone,  
And left me here to mourn alone.

No not alone *Clemena* said,  
That fair! but ah forgetful Maid;  
There still is one, will prove as true  
As e'er bright *Celia* did to you;  
See where *Clemena* does attend,  
And willingly wou'd be your Friend  
Why shou'd you then your Grief pursue,  
She loves! and is related too.

Thus *Phoenix* like, she did disclose,  
And out of *Celia's* Ashes rose:

Fair

Fair *Iris* too bestow'd a Part  
 Of her majestick gen'rous Heart:  
 'Twas then of all I wish'd possess'd,  
 Was poor *Eliza*, more than blest'd.

But this too happy was to last,  
 And much I fear my Joys are past;  
 To rural Shades, *Clemina*'s gone,  
 And I no more am thought upon:  
 Unkindly thus she leaves her Friend,  
 And now will neither come nor send.

Direct me now, ye sacred Nine,  
 Whilst here I for *Clemina* pine,  
 Will not dear *Iris* thus conclude,  
*Eliza*'s either false, or rude?  
 She paus'd——  
 When straight there shin'd a glorious Ray,  
 The gloomy Grott was bright as Day;  
 A fragrant Scent her Spirits cheer'd,  
 And whilst these *Omens* she rever'd,  
 Young *Cupids* came, and wanton'd there,  
 And gentle *Zephirs* fann'd the Air:

Room



Miscellany POEMS. 237

Room! Room, for her whom we adore!  
A *Cupid* cry'd, and said no more:  
But as he spake there came along  
Most beauteous *Iris*, fair and young;  
So fine, so gay, so wond'rous Bright,  
As was the first created Light:  
Yet *she* both kind, and good appears,  
And quite disperses all my Fears.

As when, in Dead of Night alone,  
A poor Unhappy! makes his Moan,  
Dismal Horror, silent Care,  
Sighs, and Groans, and deep Despair,  
Do this poor Mortal quite surround,  
And's little Stock of Sense confound:  
But if an Angel pity take,  
And to's Relief a Tour doth make,  
Soon as the heav'nly Beams appear,  
So soon is vanish'd all his Fear.

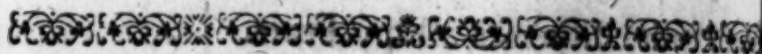
Such you, my lovely *Angel*, came,  
Expell'd my Doubts, and clear'd her Fame;

Room! You

238 *Miscellany* POEMS.

You did ev'n all a Friend cou'd do,  
And for some Hours, you gave me you.

But say, sweet *Nymph*, can you forgive,  
The *Slights* you did that Day receive?  
If so: Pray send me in a Line,  
That charming *Iris* still is mine.



To Mrs. SUSAN DOVE.

On Dreaming she broke a Glass in  
my Closet which was found really  
so in the Morning.

'TIS Punishment beyond my Due,  
To be depriv'd of seeing you;  
And since you will not bless my waking Sight,  
Pray let me rest by Night:  
Give over these unpleasant Theams,  
And cease to persecute in *Dreams*:  
*Dreams* did I say! 'twas Vision sure,  
That cou'd a Real ill procure:

*Canidia*

Miscellany POEMS. 239

*Canidia!* thus by Strength of Thought can do  
What her ill Genius prompts her to:  
Where-e'er she acts, her Shape appears,  
And cunningly deceives the Patients *Eyes*, and  
(*Ears*.)

Last Night by Fancy, or by Vision brought,  
A lov'ly *Nymph* appear'd,  
Fair, as e'er was form'd by Thought;  
Or made *Love's* Power fear'd:

Beauty, and Goodness, in her Looks were seen,  
And ev'ry *Step*, and ev'ry *Glance*, confess'd your  
(*Shape* and *Mien*.)

II.

When thus she spoke!  
Why sits *Eliza* drooping here,  
With serious Phiz, and thoughtful Air?  
Come! come, the Weather's fine and clear.  
Let's for a Walk prepare.

But hold!

What Implements are here?  
Preserve my Sight, what's this I view?  
*Compasses*, *Scales*, and *Quadrant* too:

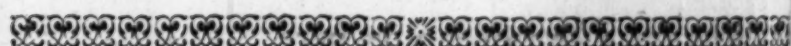
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240 *Miscellany* POEMS.

With *Diagrams* describ'd around:  
Thou'rt in a *magick* Circle bound.  
Then, with a Stamp, cry'd Thus I set thee free!  
And break th' Inchantments of *Geometry*.

III.

Your *Zeal* mistook, or how it came to pass  
I know not, but you broke a *Glass*:  
And in the Morning so it was:  
The *Glass* was perfect when I went to Bed,  
The *Key* was laid behind my Head.  
Judge then how pow'rful is a Woman's *Spleen*!  
That thus thro' Locks and solid Walls  
Cou'd find a way between.



*To the Right Honourable the Lady*  
*MARY IRWIN, in Ireland.*

*H*Health to the Sick, and *Freedom* to the Slave,  
Bring not more *Comfort* than your Letter gave:  
Oh think! what rackings *Fears* our Souls possess'd,  
(*Fears* to be felt, but not to be express'd.)  
When



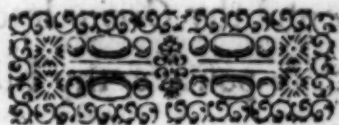
Miscellany POEMS. 241

When all one *loves*, and all one *hopes*, is lent,  
To *Winds* and *Seas*, a dismal Banishment.

Here the *red Lightning* darts an awful Fate;  
There *dreadful Thunder* rolls aloft in State.  
And angry *Neptune*, as his Passions please,  
Or *calms* or does *incense*, the angry *Seas*.

Such was the Night you quitted *Albion's Shore*;  
And such our Fears, but for your sake the more:  
Regardless of our selves, for you we sigh'd;  
And for your *Safety*, all our Pray'rs *outvy'd*.

Thanks *gracious Providence*! our Vows are  
(heard,  
And you through all these Dangers are preserv'd:  
*Virtue* like yours is Heav'n's peculiar Care,  
And such a *pious Life* needs nothing fear:  
Oh may this *bles'd Event* an Earnest be,  
Of Heav'n's *Protection* to Futurity.



R

Am

*An ODE.*

*To the Right Honourable CHARLES,  
Lord Halifax.*

TAKE care oh *Muse*! this tow'ring Height  
(review;

I grant 'tis *noble*, yet *presumptuous* too :

Compute thy utmost Powers first, and know

Thou wert not made to fly,

But humbly creep below.

Quell then thy *Airy Hopes*, nor vainly try

Beyond the *Sphere* of thy Activity.

Remember him, who gave the *Sea* a Name,

Nor aim too high, lest thou descend with *Shame*,

Ambitious *Muse*! what can'st thou say,

Resolute still? " *Yes*,

" *Mountague* and thy *Genius* lead the Way.

Well, since so positive, thy Flight pursue,

And sing the great, the illustrious *Mountague*.

Shew

*Miscellany* POEMS. 243

Shew how the Pow'rs adorn'd his gen'rous  
(Birth,  
And with a new *Mécenas*, blest the barren Earth.

II.

When the *swift Hours* had Darkness chas'd a-  
(way,  
When *Sol* his beamy Locks had spread,  
And *Jove* arose from his ambrosial Bed,  
To celebrate that happy Day,  
In which he was redeem'd from being *Saturn's* Prey;  
'Twas on that solemn Festival,  
The *Thund'rer* in a Study fate,  
Revolving in his Mind the Turns of *Fate*;  
And bid the witty *Hermes* call  
The *subalternate* Deities,  
Into his Council Hall,  
First *Jove*, and *Juno*, in the Midst were plac'd;  
Their Seats like eastern Monarchs rais'd,  
Then *He* that guides the *rolling Tear*,  
And *She*, who rules the *Lunar Sphere*;  
Grey *Neptune*, who the Trident bears  
And *Mars*, who raises mortal Wars.

R 2

*Pallas*;

*Pallas*, with *Aegis* on her Breast,  
And *Mercury*, with feather'd Crest:

*Venus*, whom myrtle Boughs entwine,

And *Bacchus* shaded with the Vine:

*Cybel*, with mural Chaplet crown'd,

And *she*, who fructifies the Ground.

Then with an awful Motion of his Hand,

Which did both *Silence* and *Respect* command,

*Jove* still'd their Noise, then smooth'd his radiant  
(Face,

And thus explain'd their Meeting with expressive  
(Grace.

### III.

In *Fate's* mysterious Book, I lately read,

And as I view'd who were to die,

Or were already dead;

I found th' appointed Day drew near,

In which a tuneful Heroe shou'd appear;

A Heroe! by the strictest Honour fir'd,

With ev'ry *Virtue* blest, by ev'ry *Muse* inspir'd!

Who with sweet *Numbers*, and exalted *Lays*,

Should charm my *William's* Cares, should sing my  
(*William's* Praise.

Assist



Miscellany POEMS. 245

Assist ye *Gods* ! your sev'ral Gifts bestow,  
Each *Particle* refine,

In this one Structure all your Powers show,  
But let your richest *Gifts* adorn his *Mind* :  
For ne'er since my beloved *William's* Birth,  
Gave I so great a *Blessing* to the Earth.

IV.

Then from his Seat *Apollo* rose,  
And softly breathing mystick Charms,  
The new made *Immaterial* did enclose

In his refulgent Arms.

Be *Thou* my darling Son, said he,

Excelling all in *Harmony*,

Vast be thy *Genius*, sparkling ev'ry *Line* :

In *Mountague*, let *Wit* and *Learning* shine !

And let his *Fame* outrival all the *Nine*.

Then with a Smile the infant Soul obey'd,

Unto the charming *Scientifick* Maid,

Who clasp'd it to her Bosom, while around

The wond'ring *Deities* resort,

And in *Minerva's* Arms the *Heroe* crown'd,

With all the Blessings of the *Jovian* Court :

246 *Miscellany* POEMS

*Mountague!* they echo round,  
Admire the *future Man*, and dwell upon the  
(Sound.

V.

Mean while, great *Jove* did secretly confer  
With his most trusty *Messenger*,  
And *Hermes* with Commission sent,  
The *Parcæ's Scissars* to prevent,  
As swift as Thought he shot thro' Air,  
And to the fatal Dwelling did repair.  
An ancient *venerable Pile* it stood,  
Amidst an intricate and gloomy *Wood*:  
But one small *Path* led to the sacred *Dome*,  
And that with *Thorns* and *Brambles* overgrown:  
But when poor *Mortals* from that State retire,  
Oh how each *Tree*, and meanest *Sbruh*, to let them  
(out *conspire!*  
Hard at their Work, the *Sisters* all he found,  
With *Threads*, and Bits of *Threads* encompass'd  
(round.  
*Clotko* with nimble *Fingers* pick'd the *Wooll*,  
And *Lachesis* the tender Line did pull;

But

# Miscellany POEMS. 247

But cruel *Atropos*, with greedy *Knife*,  
 Still cut in two the slender *Thread of Life*.  
 With curious *Eyes* he long survey'd their State,  
 And view'd the just *Oeconomy of Fate* :  
 At last the wond'ring *Envoy* Silence broke,  
 And to th' attentive *Sisters*, thus he spoke.

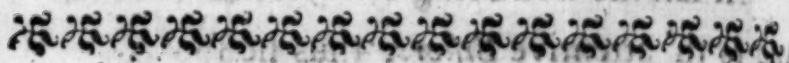
## VI.

*Ob Destinies !* this Message understand,  
 To you I'm sent, by *Jove's* exprefs Command ;  
 He bids you now repining *Thoughts* forbear,  
 And for his new made *Entity*,  
 A lasting *Thread* prepare.  
 When thus reply'd the fatal *Maid*,  
 Thy *Master's* Will shall be obey'd ;  
 And as she drew the sacred *Twine*,  
 These Accents warbled with an Air *divine*.  
*Mountague !* of noble Blood,  
*Mountague !* the Great and Good,  
 May thy Fame be ever growing,  
 Wit and *Judgment* always flowing,  
 Ever *Happy !* ever *Young !*  
 Thus she turn'd the *Wheel* and sung.

248 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Her partial *Sisters* answer'd in their Time,  
And join'd the *Chorus* in alternate Rhime,

Thus mighty *Jove* the noble Spirit blest,  
And order'd *Nature* to perform the rest.



To his LORDSHIP, with the fore-  
going POEM.

TO such great *Worth*, what lasting *Praise* is  
(due)  
Or where's the *Pen* that can your *Merit* shew?  
Shew how you stem'd our arbitrary Flood,  
And durst in spite of *Tyranny* be good:  
How gen'rously you *Art* and *Nature* join,  
How sweetly sung the Passage at the *Boyne*:  
How like the *Morning Sun*, you meet our Eyes,  
And by just Steps to your *Meridian* rise.

Think not, this *Author* dare attempt your Praise;  
No 'tis an humble *Homage* which she pays:  
As Tenants to their Mannor *Lord* address  
And Tenure by a *Pepper-Corn* exprefs:

So



# Miscellany POEMS. 249

So *Kings* accept their meanest Subjects *Vows*,  
(Tho' rudely offer'd) with auspicious *Brows*.

TO CLEMEN A.



## TO CALISTA.

**A** Accursed *Curiosity*! First Fruit of the forbidden Tree;

How are we still undone by Thee?

Had I my *Ignorance* retain'd,

Blest in the *Cheat*, I had remain'd,

And still had kept a *Joy* in View;

By thinking *feigned Friendship* true;

Which never, never more can be,

Accursed *Curiosity*!



To

## TO CLEMENA.

*C*lemena, if you are indeed  
 The *Friend* you have profess'd,  
 Your Kindness now exert with Speed,  
 And give me back my *Rash*,  
 Late in our gloomy Shade I sat,  
 Retir'd from all domestick Care,  
 And tho' as calm as was th' Air,  
 Yet soon disturb'd like that,  
 For while I grasp'd my precious *Store*,  
 And read your last kind Letters o'er,  
 The gay *Melinda* pass'd along,  
 And cried, Oh where is *Friendship* gone!  
 What makes *Eliza* look so down,  
 When fair *Clemena's* come to Town?  
 Indeed, methinks, she's much your *Friend*,  
 So near, and neither *come* nor *send*.  
 Nay, prithee do not turn away,  
 Ere you have heard what I can say.

Alas,

Miscellany POEMS. 251

Alas, I much lament your Case,  
For haughty *Gallia* takes your Place;  
To Her *Clemena* gives her Heart,  
And leaves you not the smallest Part.

Judge with what Grief I was possess'd,  
How *Love* and *Anger* tore my Breast :

Is this, said I, her kind Return,

For all my *tender* Cares ?

Did I for this my *Life* despise,

And venture it for *hers* ?

Did I for this, such *Frowns* endure,

Such *Hatred* to my self procure ?

And can she with her *Vows* Expence,

Now make this cruel Recompence ?

But when this Storm was somewhat laid,

I fancied that I was betray'd ;

For looking round the *Nymph* was gone,

And mock'd from far my piteous Moan :

'Twas then, you came into my Mind,

So nobly *faithful*, and so *kind* :

That

252 *Miscellany* POEMS

That I can hardly think it true,  
But wait to be resolv'd by you.



*On Mr. R---G---'s designing to  
go to New-York.*

**O**H wou'd some pitying Pow'r inlarge my  
(View!  
And teach me what to shun, and what pursue:  
Love! prompts me forward, thro' a foreign Way,  
But Tyrant Duty still commands my Stay:  
Duty's a Guardian, which I must not lose;  
Yet such a lambent Flame, who can refuse?  
A Love so pure! so perfect! so intense!  
So truly free from all Alloys of Sense,  
As ev'n by dying Nuns might be confess,  
And centre boldly in an Angel's Breast:  
To keep this Love, I could my Life forego;  
But losing it, I shall my Duty show.  
Just Heav'n! instruct me, what thou dost require,  
And either crown, or else correct Desire.

The



*The Petition of Miss CHLOE, to  
her absent LADY.*

*Most humbly sheweth,*

*Such LOVE and LEARNING as she knoweth,  
Accept this Scription from your Debtor,  
When she's grown up, she'll write a better.*

I.

*Dearest Madam haste away,*

*If you would your Chloë see ;  
For I can no longer stay  
In this sad Captivity.*

II.

*Doors tho' lock'd, and Windows barr'd,  
Yet some other Way I'll try  
To escape my watchful Guard,  
Or I'll lay me down and die.*

III. I

254 *Miscellany* POEMS.

III.

I cannot, will not, longer bear  
*Cruel Absence* ! worse than *Death*,  
And your *Safety* much I fear,  
In that *sultry City Bath*.

VI.

*Night*, and *Day*, can testify,  
As they constantly return ;  
'Tis for you, I *weep* and *sigh*,  
Other *Causes* I have none.

V.

*Madam*, I'm but a *Beast*, 'tis true,  
A Creature not extreemly priz'd :  
Yet as a *Beast* that honours you,  
Methinks I should not be *despis'd*.

IV.

Dearest *Mistress*, ease my Mind,  
And to *Chloe* haste away ;  
So will you be both *just* and *kind*,  
And your *Petitioner* shall pray, &c.

TO HENRY CROMWELL Esq;  
In Answer to some Verses he sent  
me when Ill of a spotted Fe-  
ver.

THOUGH you *melodiously* condole my Grief,  
And in *soft Accents* send a sweet Relief.  
The Nymphs you mention were describ'd in vain,  
They neither heard my Sighs, nor sooth'd my  
(Pain.

*Febrilla's* direful Name, each *Virgin* scar'd,  
And Tyrant like, I'm less *belov'd*, than *fear'd*:  
In pensive *Solitude* I silent mourn,  
And *Friends* around, to *shapeless Echo's* turn:  
Not one superiour Object now appears,  
But *Abigails* are all my *Visitors*.

So *Æsop's* *Lyon* sate in's Cave alone,  
And not one Beast approach'd the *sickly Throne*, }  
Yet all by *Message* make their Kindness known. }

The

*The DISCONSOLATE.*

**I**N vain I strive to calm my Grief;  
With *Reason*, or *Philosophy*!

My untun'd Soul to both is deaf,

And rages but more high.

*Books* ! *Verse* ! and *Reason* ! all to me are vain,  
They sooth *Despair* alone, and help me to con-  
(plain.

## ii.

In vain ! I *Company* pursue,

And to *Sulpitia* Visits make;

Since ev'ry tender Word of hers,

Doth *Friendships* dear *Idea's* wake,

And all my *Cares* renew.

In vain I lie ! in vain I rise,

For *Sleep* his wonted *Aid* denies :

Sad Scenes of *Horror* fill the *Night*;

And my *Soul* sickens with the *Light*.

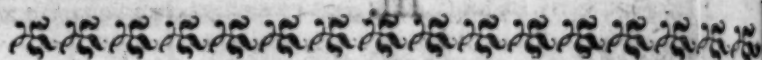
## III. Thus



III.

Thus spent with *Fears*, with racking *Thoughts*  
(opprest,  
To Thee great God, I fly for Rest,  
Oh comfort the Distrest!  
In Thee, O Lord, I put my Trust!  
My Life, and Hopes, depend on Thee!  
For thou art Merciful and Just,  
And wilt be so to me.  
Unknown to Thee, there is nor Good, nor Ill,  
Oh grant me Resignation to thy Will!





RE MEDIA AMORIS.  
To Thee great God, I fly for Relief,

TO HENRY CROMWELL Esq;

LOVE, and the Gout invade the idle Brain,  
Bus'ness prevents the Passion, and the Pain:  
Ceres, and Bacchus, envious of our Ease,  
Blow up the Flame, and heighten the Disease.  
Withdraw the Fuel, and the Fire goes out;  
Hard Beds, and Fasting, cure both Love and Gout.



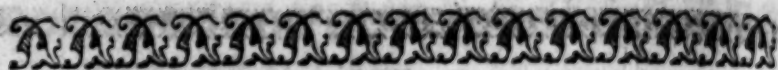
On a certain TEA-TABLE.

NO more, ye proud Tyrants, burlesque Wo-  
(men's Tongues,  
But down on your *Knees*, and acknowledge our  
(Wrongs :

Lo! here are a Couple of sage *moral* Creatures,  
Whose *Clacks* are more loud than the *Bells* at St.  
(Peters :  
Each strives to be *heard*, and talks wonderful *fast*,  
Yet not one *serious Word* from the first to the last.

Unfortunate *Sex* ! we've not one *Province* free,  
The Men now usurp both our *Chatting* and *Tea* :  
Tho' \* *Nabum* has stil'd it a *Liquor* divine,  
My Share of that *Nectar*, I hereby resign :  
For if this be the *Eloquence* *Tea* does inspire,  
I'll no more such a talkative *Blessing* desire.

\* NAHUM TATE.



*A Gentleman having writ a very  
rough Answer to the preceeding  
SATYR, had the following Re-  
ply to it.*

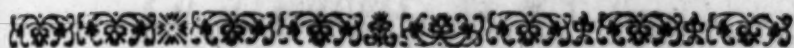
**H**OLD! hold *Diogenes*, you're too severe!  
*Women* are meek, 'tis *Men* that domineer.  
*Women* at worst are needful Ills confess,  
But *Men* incarnate *Devils* at the best.

Boast not, 'twas for *Preheminence* your Kind  
Was first created; no it seems design'd  
To render *Woman* perfectly refin'd!  
That we descend from *Eve*, I grant is true;  
But came not you from *Eve* and *Adam* too?

Good



Good snarling *Cynick* ! keep within thy Cask ;  
To conquer *Woman* is too hard a Task.  
Then urge me not ! no more my *Patience* vex,  
For know, that I was born to plague thy *Sex* !



To CLEMENA in the Country,  
*requesting a Meeting.*

SAY, dear *Clemena*, when shall we  
By Word of *Mouth* confer  
On such a strange *Calamity*,  
You'll be amaz'd to hear ?

II.

Since you went hence, I often find  
My Soul abroad does roam,  
And I'm at *Highgate* in my Mind,  
When th' heavy Lump's at Home.

S 3

III. 'Tis

'Tis then your *Testimony* give,  
 Tho' some may think it strange;  
 You keep the willing *Fugitive*,  
 And make a kind *Exchange*.

## IV.

Tho' *Absent* thus, we still converse  
 By our immortal Parts;  
 And these *Ambassadors* rehearse  
 The Wishes of our Hearts.

## V.

A transient, immaterial View  
 The Soul may satisfy;  
 But now my *Fate* depends on you,  
 A Meeting don't deny.

## IV.

In Answer, therefore, say  
 What Time I shall attend;  
 And if *Eliza* fails the Day,  
 Oh may she want a *Friend*!

The MONKEY Dance.  
To a jealous WIFE.

LET those who think a *Man* sincere,  
Devote themselves to *Hope* and *Fear*,  
With all the curs'd *Inquietude*,  
Which on those *Passions* still intrude.  
*False Joys* and *Griefs* alternative  
Are all the *Pleasures Love* can give.  
With endless *Doubts*, and *Fears* perplext,  
One *Hour* we *love*, and *hate* the next:  
Yet *Slaves* to *Passion* still remain,  
As *Monkey* drags his *Clog* and *Chain*:  
With antick *Grins* he hopps about,  
And fondly thinks him free,  
But when he would go further out,  
*Pug* has no *Liberty*.

264 *Miscellany* POEMS.

The *Clog* and *Chain* his Motions bound,  
 And *Monkey* at his Post is found.  
 So jealous *Lovers*, without starting,  
 Can *buff*, and *rage*, and *threaten* Parting :  
 But when to *Practice* they descend,  
 The boasted *Pow'r* is at an End :  
 Their *Fury* on themselves they wreak,  
 And hug the *Chain* they strive to break.







TO COLINDRA.

LOVE without *Hope* is like *Breath* without *Air*,  
 An impossible *Joy*, a ridiculous *Care* ;  
 Yet *Cupid*, like *Alchimy* runs us a-ground,  
 In quest of *Projection* which never was found :  
 And tho' *numberless Ruins* around you may view,  
 Yet so pleasing 's the *Madness*, *their Steps you*  
 (pursue.



To

The

\*\*\*\*\*

The MONSTER.

**A**FRICK, no more thy Pride of *Monsters* boast,  
 Four Feet and Reptiles are at best thy most:  
 Europe can now a greater Wonder shew,  
 Than *Africa*, or *Asia* ever knew.

A humane Form, both *God-like* and *Divine*!  
 In whom all Gifts of Art and Nature join;  
 Where *Learning*, *Wit*, and *Morals* do excel,  
 Mild as a *Lamb*, yet as a *Lion* fell,  
 But in his *Passions* has no Parallel.

Oh Heav'n! oh *Earth*! no Creature ever knew  
 A *Man* at once so just! and so untrue!  
 A *Man* in whom all *Excellencies* shine!  
 And yet in whom all *Villanies* combine!

The TRIUMVIRATE.

OH! wond'rous Force of Sympathy,  
Where *Three* unite in *Harmony* :  
Where *Master* with the *Maid* combines,  
And *Mistress* with them *Issue* joins :  
Where all unanimous agree  
To club for future *Progeny*.

Ah! may the household *Gods* adorn  
This happy *Infant*, yet unborn  
With *Mother's* Cleanliness and Air,  
(A stately, filly, tatter'd Fair,)  
The *Mistress* Form may it partake,  
Her awkward *Mein*, and clumsy *Make* ;  
Her broken *Mouth*, her *Judas* *Grim*,  
And all the *Fiend* which reigns within.

But

But *Daddy's Lines* ! oh let the *Face*  
 Reflect, with such expressive *Grace* !  
 That all, who shall this *Infant* see,  
 May cry at Sight, 'Tis very he !



## A TALE from the FRENCH.

IN former Times it so befel,  
 But where, our *Author* does not tell ;  
 No Matter——whether FRANCE or SPAIN,  
 So *Fable* makes the *Moral* plain.

A *Spark* on Brink of *Hymen's Joys*,  
 And fond of his *elected Choice*,  
 Unto a *Painter* does repair,  
 And bids him use his utmost Care :  
 Draw me (quoth he) a *Piece divine*,  
 Where *Hymen* may in *Lustre* shine :



Miscellany POEMS. 269

Let all his Joys at once appear  
Serenely Good, and heav'nly Fair,  
With everlasting Graces crown'd,  
And little Loves attending round.  
Now Artist! now exert thy Fame,  
And paint a Bliss, I cannot name:  
Reward shall far Desire excel,  
And future Times thy Praise shall tell.

With humble Cringe, the Painter said,  
Your Orders, Sir, shall be obey'd:  
Nor will I fear to shew my Piece,  
With those of Italy, or Greece.

'Twas said—'tis done—the Table's brought,  
Nor Envy's self could find a Fault:  
But when he look'd for due Regard,  
His Patron thus does him reward.

Here, take your boasted NOTHING home,  
For NOTHING for this Piece will come:  
Your Hymen is too gay and fair,  
Too bright his Torch, too free his Air:

If

270 *Miscellany* POEMS.

If you more *solemnly* had wrought,  
You better had express'd my Thought.

Well, Sir, the nettled *Artist* cries,  
My Works by *Time* in *value* rise;  
Nor does the *Likeness* of my paint  
*Appear*, till *Time* embrune the *Tient*.  
I understand—pray clear your Brow,  
Such diff'rent Tastes we must allow  
A *LOVER* then, a *HUSBAND* now.

I'll take this back, and make you one,  
Which you, and all the *World* must own;  
Shall your *Resentments* quite subdue,  
And *LOVER* please, and *HUSBAND* too.

To Work he went, with *curious Thought*,  
And by *LAMY's Perspective* wrought  
A *Piece*, which did all else excel,  
Without a *Fault*, or *Parallel*.

Here, at a *Distance*, *Hymen* shew'd  
All that was *lovely, dear, or good*:

But

# Miscellany POEMS. 271

But on a nearer View was seen

A mere *Grotesque* of *surly Spleen*;

The tender *Visor* cast aside,

And nought remain'd, but *thwarting Pride*.

From this odd Tale, *instructive Moral* flows,  
And the Deficiency of *NATURE* shews:

For when, with long *Expeence* of *Time* and *Pain*,

We do, perhaps, the wish'd for *Good* attain,

With *SOLOMON* we find, *his empty all, and*



On /

270 *Miscellany* POEMS

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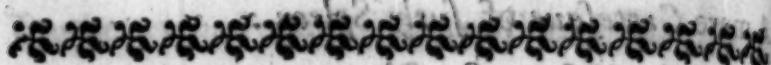
For when, with long *Expence* of *Time* and *Pain*,

We do, perhaps, the wish'd for *Good* attain,

With *SOLOMON* we find, 'tis *empty* all, and



On /



*To a very fickle LADY.*

**Y**OUR various Turns of *Cross* and *Kind*,  
 Calls an odd Practice to my Mind:  
 How *Farmers* politickly *Vein*,  
 Their *Bacon Hogs* with *Fat* and *Lean*;  
 They *Feast* them one Day, next they *Fast*,  
 And make them *Excellent* at last.



On the Death of the

Lady CHUDLEIGH.

An ODE.

AS on my *Bed*, in Dead of Night,  
 With anxious *Thoughts* distress'd,  
 I restless lay, and wish'd for Light,  
 But sigh, and turn, in vain I might,  
 Alas, I found no Rest!  
 An Icy Chilness shudder'd thro' each Vein,  
 And past, and present Ills, a num'rous Train,  
 With all their dark *Idea's* revell'd in my Brain.

At length the ruddy *Morn* appear'd,  
 Diffusive *Beams* my Spirits chear'd;  
 And I no more with racking *Thoughts* oppress'd,  
 Grew gently calm, and sunk to pleasing Rest.

T

II. When

## II.

When Lo !

Indulgent *Sleep* before me brought  
The much lov'd Object of my waking *Thought* ;

A *Moses* Brightness o'er her *Face* did shine,  
And ev'ry Feature spoke a *Joy* divine :

*Serene* her *Look*, and *beav'nly* was her *Air*,  
More *tall* than *Life* she seem'd, and more than  
(*Mortal* fair)

I'm come, she cried, to bid a *long Adieu* !

And had a *Mind* to let you know,

I must a *wond'rous Journey* go,

And could not part without another *View* :

Excuse me, *Friend*, I can no longer stay,

I must prepare——To *morrow is the Day*.

Struck with *Surprize* ! and ravish'd with the  
(*Grace* !)

I sought to hold her in a dear *Embrace*,

But light as *Air*, she vanish'd from the *Place*.

Waking, I cried ! *unhappy Maid*,

With *Tears* thy *Loss* deplore !

Marissa



Miscellany POEMS. 275

*Marissa's venerable Shade*

Has now its last kind Office paid,

And dwells on Earth no more.

Too sure, alas, the *Vision* does foretel !

Ab me ! I hear it now confirm'd——*Illustrious*  
(*Friend* farewell.

III.

Ill fated *Wretch* ! oh whither wilt thou fly !

To shun impending Destiny ?

Where wilt thou centre next ? on what new  
(*Friend* rely ?)

Once did I think, O foolish and prophane !

A solid Good on Earth to find ;

And *Friendship* I sacred *Friendship* was my Aim !

Joy of my Heart, and Blessing of my Mind.

Beyond Desert I soon was blest,

And great *Sulpitia* warm'd my Breast :

Her sweet Address, the Muse inspir'd,

Her pious Life by all admir'd,

My Heart with constant Emulation fir'd.

Bright

276 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Bright *Musidora*! Soul of *Harmony*,  
 What grateful *Songs* are due to thee,  
 Who gen'rously didst condescend,  
 To be both *Patronefs* and *Friend*?  
 Divine *Mariffa*! last in *Time*, not *Place*,  
 But first in ev'ry God-like *Grace*.  
 With kind *Affection* did me bless,  
 Ah *Gracious Heav'n*! what *Happinefs*  
 Did I in *Three* such *Friends* possess!  
 Proud of my *Joy*s, I grew secure,  
 Nor fear'd a Turn of *Fate*;  
 For oh! what could I not endure,  
 When by *Experience* I was sure,  
 My *Friends* would ease the *Weight*?  
 Such *Love*, such *Tendernefs*, in each was shewn,  
 As ev'ry *Joy*, or *Grief* of mine, pertain'd to them  
 (alone.

IV.

Ah *Blifs*! too great to last,  
 An Age of *Wo*,  
 I undergo  
 For happy *Minutes* past.

Pious

Miscellany POEMS. 277

Pious *Sulpitia* yielded up her *Breath*,  
And charming *Musidora* snatch'd by *Death*,

My *Sorrows* knew no-Bounds :  
Ev'n yet they live within my *Heart*,  
Nor Length of Years can cure the Smart,  
Or heal the fatal Wounds.

But good *Marissa* still remain'd,  
And with an *Eloquence* divine,  
My *Loss* condol'd, my *Grief* restrain'd,  
And taught me to resign,  
Blest with her *Love*, I could not wretched be,  
Nor while she liv'd, feel perfect *Misery*.

But now ———

In vain I sigh ! in vain I mourn !

And my sad *State* deplore ;

*Marissa* from her *Marble Urn*,

Can ne'er to *Life* return,

Never ! never more !

My list'ning *Ear*,

No more her *pious Words* must hear,

No more her *Form* shall bless my longing *Eyes*,

In *Death's* cold *Arms*, alas, *Marissa* lies !

Here, rest my *Muse*—Yet 'ere thy *Labours* cease,  
 In grateful *Lays*,  
 Resound her *Praise*;

Then consecrate thy *Harp* to everlasting *Peace*.

With mortal *Friendships* grieve no more thy  
 (Mind,

Henceforth celestial be thy *Joys*, thy future *Love*  
 (resin'd.

## V.

And fond deluded *Maid*!

No more address the *fictitious Nine* for Aid;

Or invoke *Apollo's Shrine*,

For Influence *Divine* :

A better *Genii* shall thy *Notes* inspire,

Her matchless *Virtues*! her immortal *Lyre*!

Alone, shall animate thy *Pen*, shall crown  
 (thy just *Desire*.)

Unpolish'd *Verse* bewail'd this *Turn of Fate*,

Unpolish'd *Truth* shall now her *Worth* relate,

Nor need there *Art* or *Eloquence*

To raise *Belief*; and charm the *Sense* :

Her



*Miscellany* POEMS. 279

Her deathless Works, and sacred Memory,  
All borrow'd Helps defy,  
Secure, within themselves, of Immortality.  
Succeeding Ages, and impartial Fame,  
Shall celebrate *Marissa's* Name!  
And her the Tenth, and latest Muse proclaim.

IV.

Whether in soft *Idalian* Strains,  
She deign'd to sing of Flocks and Plains,  
Of Hills and Groves,  
And rural Loves,  
Of beauteous Nymphs and Swains.  
Or in swift trilling *Lyricks* wrote,  
Or to keen *Satyr* turn'd her Thought,  
And by a sharp, tho' pleasing Wound,  
The secret Springs of Vice and Irreligion found.  
Such Graces did in each appear,  
Such Strength in ev'ry Line;  
*Horace* himself must yield to her,  
And old *Theocritus* prefer  
Her Justness of Design.

280 *Miscellany* POEMS.

(Rich in superiour *Excellence*,  
 Her chaster *Muse* by nobler *Ways*,  
 Could charm the *Mind*, exalt the *Sense*,  
 And bright *Idea's* raise.)  
 True to their *Worth*, impartial to their *Crimes*,  
 She good did chuse,  
 And bad refuse,  
 A bright *Example* to succeeding *Times*,  
 So the judicious *Bee*,  
 Tastes ev'ry *Flow'r*, and ev'ry *Tree*,  
 And bitter Turns to sweet, by native *Chymistry*,

*The Remainder lost.*



*The*



The following Pieces are Fragments  
of a celebrated Romance; and  
done into English at the Desire  
of a Lady of Quality, a great  
Admirer of French Gallantry.

SAPPHO to PHAON,

With a Present of FLOWERS.

OH! View, with an impartial Sense,  
These Emblems of wrong'd Innocence;  
Their native Red, to Paleness turns,  
And Odour's lost, while Sappho mourns,

May these poor Flowers find the Grace  
To have on Phaon's Hearth a Place;  
That in his softest, tend'rest Hours,  
When ravish'd with his new Amours.

These

282 *Miscellany* POEMS.

These faithful *Plants* may hap'ly prove,  
The *Monitors* of *injur'd Love*;  
And as you see their *Forms* decay,  
So think my *Life* consumes away.

SILVANDER to ARAMINTA.

ONCE to love is not a *Crime*,  
If 'till *Death* we constant prove;  
But to love a *second Time*,  
Shows, we never once did love.

II.

Love I do! and love I must!  
While my *Life* and *Sense* endure;  
And this *Form* must turn to *Dust*,  
'Ere my *Passion* knows a *Cure*.

III.

Never can my *Torments* cease,  
Or my *Joy*s return again;  
Nor can *Love*, those *Wrongs* redress,  
Which *unpitied* I sustain.

IV. Strange



IV.

Strange Contrarieties of Fate !

My *tortur'd Soul* does prove :  
It neither can arrive at *Hate*,  
Nor e'er find *Ease* in *Love*.

A MINTOR to PHILLIS.

AH *Phillis* ! for your Sake I die,  
Ask me not the *Reason* why ;  
Why I *love*, I cannot tell,  
No more, than why I'm *sick* or *well* ;  
For *Passion* cannot be *defin'd*  
By *Reason*, but the *Lover's Mind*.

That I *must love*, and you *must hate*,  
Are dark *Arcanums* of our *Fate* ;  
But that 'tis *Truth*, too *well* I know,  
And *future Consequence* will show.

ORESTES



ORESTES to IPHIGENIA.

COULD *Iphigenia* read my Heart,  
 She certainly would find  
 Her Name inscrib'd in ev'ry Part,  
 Sole Object of my Mind,

## II.

Not Sleep, the Type of Death, can bar  
 Your Image from my View ;  
 In ev'ry Dream, you present are,  
 Would I were so to You,

## III.

Asleep, or 'wake, you still remain  
 The Idol of my Soul :  
 All foreign Objects are a Pain,  
 Where Love employs the Whole.

## IV. Think

Think then, oh think! what I endure

By acting such a Part;

Where each Civility, too sure,

Is Treason to my Heart.

Address from ALEXIS to DELIA,

On New-Years-Day.

SEE, where your humblest Slave does wait

On You, his Sovereign, and his Fate,

And begs you'd now pronounce his Doom

Of future Bliss, or Martyrdom.

Whether, you'll by your Favour bless

Th' ensuing Year with Happiness:

Or, force me to begin it still

With Omens of succeeding Ill.

Think

286 *Miscellany* POEMS.

Think upon your *Promise* made,  
 Think ! how long 't has been delay'd ;  
 Three whole *tedious ling'ring Year*,  
 Three *Ages* in *Love's Kalendar*,  
 Think ! what *cruel Shacks* I've born  
 From your *Indifference* and *Scorn*.

Sole *Monarch* ! of a *faithful Heart*,  
 No longer act the *Tyrant's Part* :  
 If still you *love*, be now *sincere* :  
 Or, let your *Hate* at once appear,  
 And frankly say, I *love elsewhere*.  
 So will you be for ever free  
 From my *curs'd Importunity* :  
 And, by disclosing of my *Fate*,  
 Redeem me from a *bellish State* ;  
 A *State* ! I can no longer bear,  
 Nor will survive another *Year*.  
 Unfit to *live*, unfit to *die*,  
 'Twixt *Hope*, and *Fear*, and *Jealousy*.

The



Miscellany POEMS. 287

The little *Sense* I had is gone,  
And *Frenzy* sits on *Reason's* Throne.

By the *PATRON* of this Day,  
By your *MORTAL SAINT* I pray:  
By your *LOVE*, or by your *HATE*,  
I CONJURE you *speak* my *FATE*.

Answer from DELIA to ALEXIS.

DEAR *Alexis* juster be  
To your faithful *Heart* and *Me*,  
And give not way to *Jealousy*.

II.

Could my *Heart*, my *Faith* abuse,  
Sure I'd something worthy chuse  
And not a *Wretch* whom all refuse.

III. An

288 *Miscellany* P O E M S.

An Owl, a Dog, an *Afs*, a Bear,  
Would more *desirable* appear,  
Than this *Object* which you *fear*.

IV.

*Alexis* ! well you know my *Heart*,  
And know without *Disguise* or *Art*,  
You reign *sole Lord* in ev'ry Part.

V.

How can you then so *cruel* be,  
To *torture* one who *Loves* like me,  
With *Dreams* of *Infidelity* !



PHILASTER to CELIA.

CELIA cannot you afford,  
One *consolatory* Word?  
Must I still the *Burthen* bear,  
Ever *love*, and yet *despair*?  
Never, never *Comfort* know?  
Cruel *Celia* end my *Wo*;  
Terminate at once my *Fate*,  
And let me hear you say, You *Hate*.

*The Same, to the Same.*

A Heart once truly touch'd by *Love*,  
Can never from it's *Centre* move;  
*Gratitude* and *Int'rest* may  
Compel *Civility* a Day!

U

But

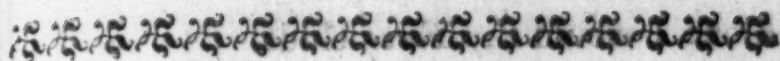
290 *Miscellany* POEMS.

But *Love* ! almighty *Love* controuls  
 The hid *Recesses* of our *Souls*.  
 Oh were there *Sympathy* in *Love* !  
 What *Wonders* could my *Passion* prove !  
 What *Miseries* could I recount !  
 What *Evils* worse than *Death* surmount !  
 Oh cruel *Celia* ! cruel *Fate* !  
 Would you could *love*, or I could *hate* :  
 How *happy* then we *both* might be,  
 For ever *bound*, or ever *free* ?

But damn'd *Euryphilus* shall sure  
 Partake the *Torments* I endure ;  
 Alone ! alone, I will not fall,  
 His *End* shall grace my *Funeral*.







*The Amorous* SHEPHERD.

A S O N G.

CRUEL *Invader* of my Rest,  
Thou fatal bold *intruding Guest*,  
Thy new *Affaults* forbear :  
Alas, I know, nor *Health*, nor *Ease*,  
My *Life* is grown a mere *Disease*,  
Abandon'd to *Despair*.

II.

When I the *dear Deceiver* view,  
can't *forbear* to think her *true* ;  
But *absent* from my *Eye*,  
A thousand *anxious Fears* arise,  
A thousand *racking Jealousies*,  
I *Rage*, I *rave*, I *die*.

U 2

III. Alone

## III.

Alone I would thy *Force* elude,

But *Love* delights in *Solitude*,

And *Doubt* still revels here ;

I seek *Relief* from *Company*,

But that affords no *Charms* to me,

If *Cynthia* is not there.

## IV.

All Day I *muse*, all Night I *dream*,

My *Passion* is my constant *Theme*,

Nor take I *Food* or *Rest* :

I know and find my self *undone*,

Yet madly push my *Ruin* on,

Though *slighted* and *opprest*.

## V.

Oh *Love* ! thy wond'rous *Pow'r* I own,

Let now thy *Clemency* be shown,

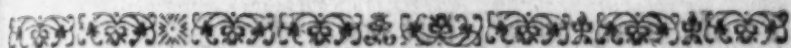
And *Cynthia* bear a Part :

Transpierce her *Breast* with equal *Flame*,

Or let me be my self again,

And take away thy *Dart*.

SAPHO



SAPHO to PHAON.

FORTUNE Sleeps, or is in *Love*,  
Will *she* never ! never move,  
Has she fix'd her restless *Stone*,  
Or stands she still to me alone ?

Sixty *Times* the radiant *Sun*,  
His *diurnal* Course has run ;  
And sixty *Times* the fable *Night*,  
Did all to balmy Rest invite ;  
Since I've known, or *Peace*, or *Joy*,  
Or quiet Slumber clos'd my *Eye* :  
Thrice with ghastly *Looks* has *Death*,  
Made *Essays* to stop my *Breath* ;  
Yet the *wretched*, still he flies,  
And mocks a willing *Sacrifice*.  
Why, oh why ! is *Death* unkind ?  
Since I no *Compassion* find ;

294 *Miscellany* POEMS.

PHAON's pitiful and free,

To all, alas, to all, but me.

Cruel FORTUNE, turn thy *Wheel*,

And disperse this potent Ill ;

Let it circulate around,

'Till it has my PHAON found.

Make him rave and die for *Love* ;

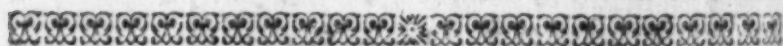
Make his *Object* scornful prove ;

Make him feel what I endure ;

Make him *love* without a *Cure*.

Then oh ! then his *Heart* reclaim,

And make him own my constant *Flame*.



*The forsaken* W I F E.

**M**Ethinks, 'tis strange, you can't afford  
One *pitying Look*, one *parting Word* ;

HUMANITY claims this as due,

But what's HUMANITY to you.

*Cruel*



*Cruel Man ! I am not Blind,*  
 Your *Infidelity* I find ;  
 Your want of *Love*, my *Ruin* shews  
 My broken *Heart*, your broken *Vows* :  
 Yet maugre all your rigid *Hate*,  
 I will be TRUE in spight of *Fate* ;  
 And one *Prebeminence* I'll claim,  
 To be for ever *still the same*.

Shew me a *Man* that dare be TRUE,  
 That dares to *suffer* what I do ;  
 That can for ever *Sigh* unheard,  
 And ever *Love* without Regard.  
 I then will own your *Prior* claim,  
 To LOVE, to HONOUR, and to FAME :  
 But 'till that time, my *Dear*, adieu,  
 I yet SUPERIOR am to ~~am~~ *you*





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